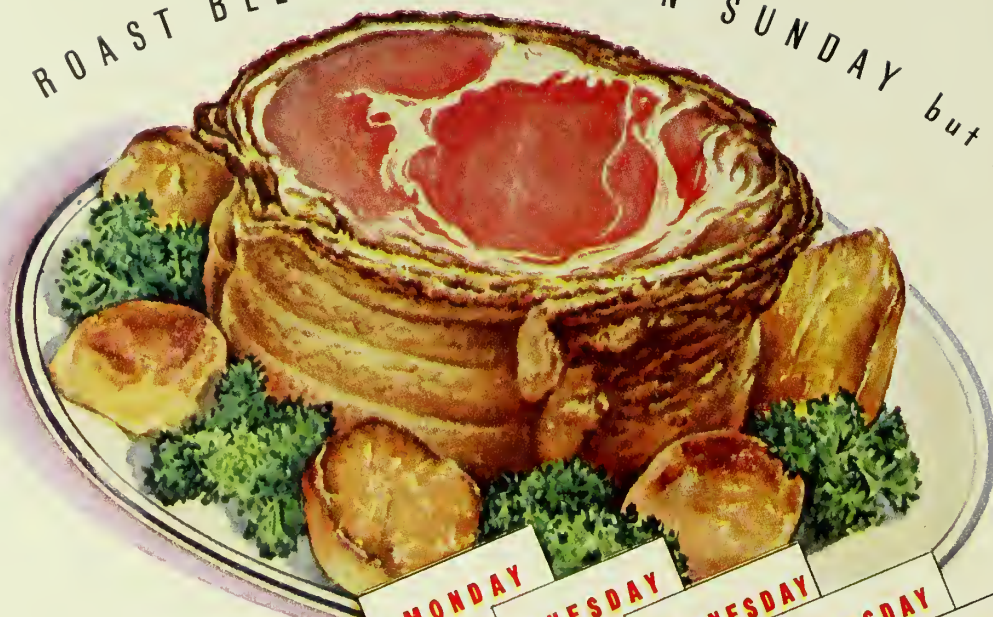


APRIL 1937



The American
LEGION
MONTHLY

ROAST BEEF - A TREAT ON SUNDAY but . . .



Tiresome if repeated . . .



YOUR DRINK MENU NEEDS A CHANGE, TOO



OLD MR. BOSTON APRICOT NECTAR LIQUEUR — 80 Proof
For a taste of spring in the midst of winter — Old Mr. Boston Nectar Liqueurs . . . in four delicious fruit flavors . . . Apricot, Blackberry, Wild Cherry, and Peach. You can start with any one of the four and go all sorts of places by adding congenial ingredients. The result is every bit as pleasant whether you drink these Nectar Liqueurs straight or in a highball.

If life is just one big yawn, what you need is a strictly personal revolution. Even a king would turn rebel if he had to eat caviar every day. Your cocktail or highball isn't a joyously anticipated treat any more because you've made it monotonous. Don't blame your drink . . . it's you. Take your liquor taste out for a change of scene tonight. Discover all over again the old satisfaction, the keen delight, the grateful relaxation. For instance . . .

OLD MR. BOSTON RYE OR BOURBON LIQUEUR — 90 Proof
Try a new version of rye or bourbon. A close relative of your old favorite but it has a new-day way with it. The only drink of its kind in the world. Delicious straight, in a highball or use this recipe.
WHISKEY SOUR—use 8 oz. glass
1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Rye or Bourbon Liqueur
¾ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Shake and strain. Add piece of ice and fill with seltzer. Decorate with lemon.



OLD MR. BOSTON ROCK & RYE 80 Proof
Try it for that chill — especially if the chill has gotten under your skin a bit. It's as warming, as comforting, and as easy to get on with as an old friend. Drink it straight or in a highball. On a cold night try adding a half jigger of hot water to a jigger of Old Mr. Boston Rock and Rye.



OLD MR. BOSTON
Fine Liquors
BEN BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Try Something Different



"And my beard's plenty tough!"

Men who are exposed to all kinds of weather, who have tough skins and wiry beards, shave quickly and easily with the Schick. Yet a boy, just starting to clean the down from his tender cheeks, finds the Schick as gentle in action as if he rubbed his face with his finger tips.

A totally blind man could shave in perfect safety and comfort with not the slightest danger of cutting or hurting himself.

Pioneer in painless shaving

Not since savages scraped off the hair with shells or quartz has there been a radically different method of shaving until Schick invented the electric shaver.

It does away with all discomfort—with blades, water, soap, cream, lather, brush or the necessity for lotions or powder. It gives you a new skin to replace the hardened tissue Nature has built up if you have used lather and blades.

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For a working lifetime Schick studied hair, faces and mechanical ways to shave. He experimented with cutters of many constructions and shapes. He found that a *flat* cutter with an extremely thin slotted plate, nestled closely into the skin, depressed the tiny mounds and enabled the inner cutter to shave off the hairs more

efficiently and closer than any other shape of cutter shaved them.

All our past and present research convinces us that this patented construction is still the most efficient of all.

Shaving at its lowest cost

The life of a Schick Shaver is not known. Shavers we made five years ago are still performing satisfactorily. (We have made many mechanical improvements since then.)

There are no blades to buy, no parts to sharpen—and none to renew for an indefinite time. You need no soap, cream, brush nor lotions. The cost of electricity for a year's shaving is so small that a dime would cover it easily.

How, then, could you shave at a lower cost per shave?

See a dealer



Ask any Schick dealer to show you the shaver and demonstrate how simply and quickly you could learn the new way of shaving which is revolutionizing the shaving habits of the world. Be sure that he is an authorized dealer through whom we guarantee and service Schick Shavers.

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In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, \$16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

APRIL, 1937

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★ **A**S THIS issue of the Monthly goes to press, additional details of the 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage to Italy and France have just become available. An appropriation passed by the French Chamber will ensure the fact that visiting Legionnaires will be the guests of the French government for six days, all expenses included save for such personal purchases as visitors may wish to make. Those who wish to stay thereafter will be able to benefit by special rates, which will include a 60 percent discount in travel for those going in parties of ten or more. A program now being prepared will include a parade in Paris and a special review in the courtyard of the Invalides. Ships will leave New York after the close of the Nineteenth National Convention on September 23d, on dates to be announced. A special information service for the tour is being opened at the Maison Française, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, and will be in charge of Captain Maurice G. Roux, President of the French Veterans Association.

AND now that we're on this subject of the Pilgrimage, permit us to call your very special attention to the very special prize contest announcement on pages 14 and 15.

THE number twenty—or vintg, as the French say—has been running through our head so much lately that it was the easiest thing in the world to make that bad bloomer in the March issue whereby, in the Editorial, the coming New York National Convention was referred to as the twentieth instead of the nineteenth. Still,

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Please report change of address to Indianapolis office, including old and new addresses. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this magazine well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.

★ that was a lot better than getting the right number and the wrong city. So, for the sake of anyone who may still be left in doubt about the matter, let it be stated without fear of contradiction or correction that the Nineteenth National Convention of The American Legion will be held in New York City September 20th to 23d next.

A FIGURE of world-wide importance and prestige who was once famous for what he did not say emerges from that silence which has become traditional with him and speaks his mind in this issue on a subject of supreme moment to every American. We give you Colonel House. Read him, every word. His article is one of the most significant pronouncements that have appeared in the pages of this magazine.

THE Known and Unknown Soldiers meet in this issue. After you've read Frederick Palmer's article, read Bernhard Ragner's "D. S. C." and see what the typical American soldier was like—if any.

YOU'RE not passing up the articles by Legion department officials which have been appearing in recent issues. (One of them, by the way, Washington Department Commander Claude C. Snider's "Some Won't Die," is being transcribed into Braille for blind readers.) Maryland Department Commander J. Bryan Hobbs discusses the veteran employment problem in this issue, and two more Department Commanders will be represented in the May issue. These Legionnaires know what they are talking about. What they talk about is invariably something that is not merely a local problem, but of vital concern to the whole country.

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20 YEARS AFTER

By COLONEL
E.M. HOUSE

THE high regard Woodrow Wilson had for him made Colonel House, holding no office and wanting none, probably the most powerful person after the President in the determination of American policy during the war

IN 1914 the armed nations of Europe anxiously, almost impatiently, awaited the "zero hour" of war. The United States of America looked on and did nothing. We had plenty of warning that the war was coming. The Old World constituted a vast powder magazine. It was inevitable that sooner or later the ignition would take place—as finally it did at Sarajevo, when the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his wife were murdered.

But we continued to do nothing, until we were literally forced into the conflict.

Only a little more than a month prior to the Sarajevo tragedy, I embarked on an extraordinary mission to Europe. I traveled as a private American citizen whose only relevant title was "personal friend of the President," a single individual hoping to pull the levers of common sense that might divert the European powers from the track of war to that of peace. I visited England, France, Germany and talked with all the leaders, including Emperor William, with whom I had a long private interview. But I was too late.

Years afterward the Kaiser in exile said to a friend visiting him at Doorn: "The trip of Colonel House to Berlin and London in 1914 almost prevented the World War." I doubt it. As I wrote to President Wilson on May 29, 1914 from Berlin, the situation





Where every inch of advance took its toll of death and disabling wounds: American troops in a position in the Argonne which the Germans had held a few hours before

was extraordinary. Europe had gone completely insane. From war no escape was then possible.

Today not only is Europe again arming to the teeth but the great nations of Asia—Japan, China, India—are seething with warlike preparations. Again the United States, still feeling secure in her geographic position between two wide oceans, looks on—although not so uninterestedly as she did twenty-three years ago.

Our experience derived from the World War is now our invaluable aid. Today we are not blind to the political situation existing beyond our own frontiers. Americans now read the foreign headlines in the daily newspapers, eager for the latest developments. While the American desire to keep out of a European conflict is as strong as or even stronger than ever it has been, the American mind is now busy devising ways and means by which we may avoid that catastrophe. But again the question arises clearly before us: Are we to remain passive spectators until we are compelled to fight—fight not only to preserve our national honor but possibly for our lives as well?

A study of the international horizon makes it clear to me that the situation today is even more threatening than in 1914, but also I believe the possibility is stronger now than then, that some means can be found by which we can honestly keep out of it.

Prior to the World War a large majority of our people believed that no matter what Europe did, it could not affect us, and that we need not become involved. That still is a strong prevailing opinion in the United States. I held a contrary opinion in 1914 and I hold a contrary opinion today. If the great nations of Europe again become involved in a major war, it very probably will become a practical impossibility for the United States to remain aloof, unless we

act strongly and swiftly to prevent it, in the immediate future.

In 1914 the public sentiment in the United States was opposed to a large army and navy, and I cannot see that this feeling is much different today. And again I state that I hold now as I did then, an opinion quite to the contrary.

Had the United States prior to the assassination at Sarajevo possessed an armed force commensurate with the wealth, the resources and the population of the nation, we might have been able to hold aloof from what so quickly followed. Had we been sufficiently powerful, we might indeed have prevented the World War from taking place.

Back in 1911 I was in Europe and was given a glimpse of the imperial army of Germany. I felt then that trouble was brewing. On my return home I talked with high officers of our Army, notably the late General Leonard Wood, who was then in command at Governors Island. A plan was then drawn for military service in this country, modeled on the Swiss system of a few months' training during several years. It was presented to President Wilson after the election of 1912. He approved it but later he found that the great expense would make impossible its enactment into law. But it would have been well worth it at

whatever the financial cost, because by 1914 we could have talked to the European powers with a million trained soldiers ready to answer the call. I firmly believe that they would have been quite sufficient to halt the plunge

"NO one has a greater passion for peace than myself. . . . But until the world agrees to disarm, and shows signs of abiding by that agreement, let the United States of America be so strong that she WILL have peace"

into war. But as it was, our army until we finally mobilized for war was so small that any protest we made, even looking to protection of our citizens and their property, was ignored.

And so it will be again, with a like result, unless we prepare to prevent it. But what we strive for strongly, we always are able to get. I feel certain that the United States can secure a lasting peace, if we work hard enough.

No one has a greater passion for peace than myself. War to me seems the most useless and stupid as well as the most brutal of human occupations. Regardless of the reckless toll of death and suffering among the strongest, the bravest and the most worthwhile of a nation's citizenship, war leaves a trail of economic disaster so deep that even the so-called victors are losers in the end. But so long as the world maintains gigantic military forces, the United States should have an army and navy strong enough to forbid any trespassing on her rights. I have the deepest sympathy for the program of the League of Nations for world disarmament. But until the world agrees to disarm, and the world shows signs of abiding by that agreement, *then let the United States of America be so strong that she WILL have peace.*

Those of us who believe in a large army and navy, so long as other nations have them, see clearly that this is the only sure way to keep us free from foreign disputes that do not concern us. No man wanted peace more sincerely, or worked harder not to become involved in the World War, than President Wilson, but the contempt that the powerfully armed nations of Europe had for us made it impossible for us to keep out and maintain our self

respect. Do we intend to permit a similar situation to arise again?

The British drove us almost into conflict with them on several occasions, but knowing our people better than the Germans did they wisely withdrew when they came perilously near the danger line. The Germans used no such caution, although warned time and again by their able Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, who had been in America long enough to appreciate those qualities that finally drove us into the war and added just the needed strength to the Allied armies to enable them to win.

Today the world unrest is due to the fact that a few great nations hold the desirable portions of the earth both for markets and raw materials, while other powerful but hungry states take the position that as regards some of this territory the nations holding it must either share or fight. Thus a social revolution already is showing signs everywhere, with the European continent distinctly divided into fascist and communist armed camps. The leading statesmen in all these nations feel that another great war is not far off, when not only democracy but our entire civilization may be at stake. I pray indeed that the United States may be fully ready to meet this crisis, if it comes.

It is only on rare occasions that I am willing to write anything for publication. This however is an opportunity that I embrace. Those of our citizens who fought in the World War are close to my heart. I was ferrying back and forth across the Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel a large part of the time during that most tragic period in history. Frequently I visited the battle front in Belgium and France. Therefore I understood better than many the dangers and hardships to which our soldiers were exposed. I witnessed their unflinching courage and shall always be proud of the demonstration they gave to the entire world as to what our people dared to do.

Therefore my hat is off to The American Legion along with my heartiest congratulations on this twentieth anniversary of our entry into the war. May it live long and prosper.

The Kaiser, in shining helmet and flanked by Hindenburg and the Crown Prince, at the Château of Stenay, headquarters of the Crown Prince during the attack on Verdun. American troops captured the château and it was headquarters of our 89th Division from Armistice Day to November 24th



LAFAYETTE— *That was* US!

By

LEONARD H. NASON

Illustrations by

HERBERT M. STOOPS



YOU know, lady, I'm not so old, as years go, but it seems to me a long time since I was in France with the Army, and my blood ran hot, and the only care in life was a little question of getting a pass to town, or of being able to go there without one, without landing in the hoosegow. Gee, the world was my clam in those days, and I was going to open it with a bayonet, or a G.I. knife, or just with a good strong kick of a hobnail. If you will excuse me, lady, until I aspirate a

couple of inches of the brown liquid in this glass, I'll tell you about it.

I was brought up in Boston, and went to college in Vermont, where at half past eight your girl's father put out the cat, and if you weren't gone by eight-forty-five he put you out, too! So to go to a country of which I had heard tales was going to be some experience. The outfit I landed in France with was a sort of Cook's Tour, composed of about two hundred men on sick leave, returning students from officers training camp, men who had gone absent, and other divers types. They were sent to France in a bunch, and then shifted around to their various outfits when they got there. We landed after dark, and marched all night, and got into a place in the shank of the morning and went to bed. All I knew about France then was that everywhere you went was miles from the railroad, and that hobnailed shoes as issued were not quite wide enough to reach from one cobblestone to the next, with the result that a guy walked on his ankles half the time.

Well, as I say, I went to bed. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was awakened by the sound of female voices. Several of them, chattering, wheedling, giggling, and trying to speak English. Now I was a sergeant, and I was also from Boston. What the heck, were they going to come right into our arms, like the Marseillaise says, to cut our throats? I bounced out of the bunk and made tracks for the sound of the voices. 'S all right, lady. I'd laid down just as I come in, except I'd taken off my pack.

Well, the first thing that I noticed was that it was broad daylight, and after a peek

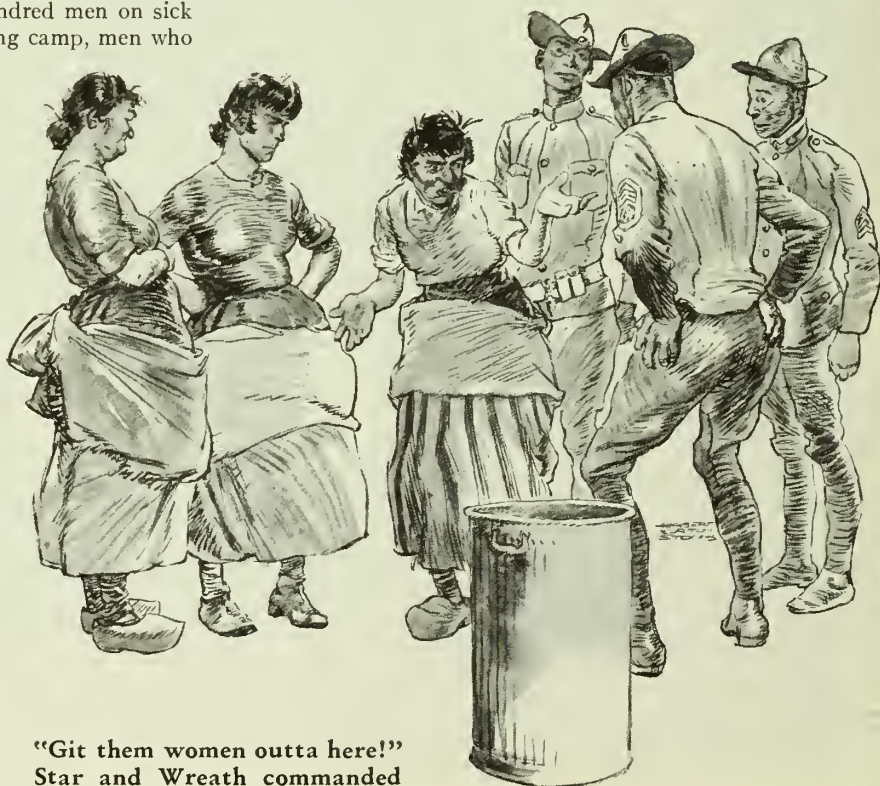
at the watch, eight-thirty in the morning. I was outside the barracks by then, and there were the female interrupters. There were three of them. They were an awful shock to a lad that had heard tales of French beauty, because they were all fat, and their hair was unkempt, to be complimentary about it, and they hadn't been young for a good many years. The guy they were making their sales talk to was a big buck private of cavalry, all hung up with a six-gun and a wild west cartridge belt that wasn't regulation at all.

"What the heck is going on here?" I bellows. "What d'y'e mean by this blankety blank noise before reveille; git the purgatory outta here!"

The buck cavalryman looks me up and down.

"Pipe down, recruit," says he. "What was yuh sellin' yesterday?"

"I'm not sellin' anything today, buddy, but I'm a sergeant in charge of these barracks, and you and your harem there are



"Git them women outta here!"
Star and Wreath commanded



When I got through selling my stuff I had about eight bucks

making too doggone much noise. We didn't get in here until four o'clock and we want to sleep!"

"That's just what I was tellin' 'em," says the cavalryman. "I'm supposed to keep order 'round here. These girls got authority from the camp commander to come in here after laundry and any little sewin'. Yuh give it to 'em now, an' they bring it back tomorrer. Cheap, too. A coupla francs fer two O.D. shirts, two suits o' underwear an' four pair o' socks."

"Girls?" says I, looking over the mademoiselle nearest me, that could have done laundry in the Franco-Prussian war.

"Aw, politeness!" said he, grinning. "They're all polite over here. Yuh get the habit yourself after a while."

Just then something seemed to explode inside one of the barracks. Pinwheels came out the window, asterisks, exclamation points, inverted commas, as fine a flow of language as a man would hear if he lived among the mule skinner for a week. Then out bursts our acting first sergeant.

He was some kind of a warrant officer, known as Star and Wreath from the insignia he wore on his arm, and he was in a general *strafe*—that's an old wartime word that means 'hate,' lady—all the time because he had to be first sergeant to any such bunch of recruits as ourselves, instead of traveling as the regulations said he should, in accommodations befitting his rank.

"God bless you, Nason!" he howls as he bursts out the door, "what have you got to be bellowin' like a jughead about all the time? Women in camp? Put 'em under arrest, an' you, too! Whaddyuh mean by it, can't yuh wait until after reveille, fer the love o' Pete? You ain't been in France but a few hours an' already struttin' yer stuff! Git outta here! The lieutenant'll hear about this!"

"Bah!" said I, "they're in charge of the guard! They come up here after our laundry!"

Star and Wreath came to a halt after that. He looked a little bit aghast.

"I been eighteen years in the Army," said he, "and I never heard of such a thing before. But if they got a pass an' a guard I suppose it's all right."

"This is France!" grinned the cavalryman. "Much goes

on here. sergeant, you never heard tell of. I been in the Islands, myself, an' I tell yuh I was amazed."

"Git them women outta here, sergeant, an' git the men up. I'm awake now, an' mad, so we might as well have reveille."

We turned out the company, lady, and went over to wash. The three laundry ladies went along with us, and as soon as it got round what they were there for, they did a fine business. We'd been on a boat for fourteen days, and our clothes were pretty crummy.

Well, lady, everywhere I looked I thought of what that cavalryman had said, that France was a strange country. Everything was different. We were in a place called Camp Genicart, outside Bordeaux, in a town called Lormont. In America an army camp was always somewhere in the sticks, with nothing to look at but miles and miles of what the Australians call sweet spread all. But this camp was surrounded by mighty oaks; everywhere a guy looked was a view of what looked like the backdrop of a theater curtain, hills, fields, an old chateau. Spring was well advanced, whereas at Camp Merritt everything had been cold and cheerless and muddy and miserable.

Gee, there were some funny things there! The place where we washed was under a shed, and instead of faucets they had wine spigots for the water to run out of. Then there was no glass anywhere, just paper in the windows, a yellow kind of wax stuff.

The chow at that first breakfast was wonderful! Mind you, lady, I came over on a transport that the Navy was running, and we fed swell, but to eat eggs fresh from the hen, and ham grilled over a wood fire, after fourteen days of transport fare was a shock. Where did we get such chow, you ask, and how come all the wood-fire grilling in an army camp? Well, lady, the kitchen force were German prisoners. The cook was a man that cooked because it was his profession, and he did his best for all, just like a doctor would, you see, whether it was friend or foe.

How the French let that lad cook in a casual camp I don't know. Just one of those many things about the French I've never been able to make out! What a breakfast! Ham and eggs, all you wanted, oatmeal, coffee—no sugar, no milk—but swell coffee, and something strange that I never had had before, that they told me was matzoths. It wasn't bad, you know; it's that Jewish unleavened bread. It keeps better than other bread, I guess, but anyway, it was swell with a little of the old oleo on it. I found out afterward that if you put it in the bottom of your



"If them is Africans I'm glad my folks emigrated"



Those Bordeaux babies were all to the mustard



messkit and ate your chow off it, you didn't need to wash your messkit!

About this time, when we had our bellies full of bacon and eggs and were lying around on the grass thinking about what a tough war it was, Star and Wreath appears, picking his teeth.

"Sergeant," said he, throwing himself down beside me, "I was just over to see the looeey. He tells me we're going to stay here for about a week. There'll be nuthin' doin' until we get our papers straightened out. How about you an' me goin' down to town an' lookin' 'em over?"

"Fine," said I, "only I haven't been paid since November."

Huh! That seemed to change things a bit. He was afraid I'd make a little touch, you see, and then be off to my outfit and he'd never see me again.

"Well," sighed Star and Wreath, "if you ain't been paid, there's no use your going to town, is there?"

Nope, I guess not. Well, I didn't care about going to town, anyway. There was plenty in camp to amuse me. First off, this vineyard we were in was surrounded by a barbed wire fence. On the outside was a guard from this cavalry regiment to keep lads from climbing the fence, but they didn't mind conversation over it. I'd studied French in college, and imagine my surprise when I found out the people on the other side of the fence understood it. I didn't get what they said back; maybe they said they didn't understand, but anyway, when I threw out a sentence I'd thought up carefully in advance, they'd stop, man, boy, girl or woman, give a smile, and answer. Great people, thinks I. I hold no brief for the French as a nation, lady, but I'll say this, they always treated a soldier white.

Well, there was another thing in that camp that made me laugh. We had a company of dark troops on our boat, psalm singers, and shooters of African golf, and great guys to fight for two bits. They'd come to Camp Genicart, too. In a part of the camp near the south gate was a big detachment of Algerians, French dark troops from Africa, right out of the hills, part of the 1918 class that had just been called up. Each nationality viewed the other members of its race with alarm. They'd stand silently at a respectful distance and just look at each other. Apparently they'd soon discovered there was no use trying to talk.

"If them is Africans—man, I is suttinly glad my folks emigrated!" announced one of our kind.

I got chummy with one of their non-coms. He could speak French, and he made out to tell me that his dark boys were pretty sad over ours. The Algerians thought ours had been in France so long they'd forgotten their own language, and they were

downhearted to think what would happen to themselves when they went back to Algeria.

By the way, lady, how I got chummy with this sergeant was that I said, "Bon jour" to him, and he fell on my neck. "Parlay voo?" he gasps, and right away asks me to go with him to the Y.M.C.A. hut and buy him some American cigarettes. The French loved American cigarettes, but couldn't buy 'em. It was against the rules, so the minute they found an American could understand what they wanted, off to the Y hut, they'd give you the money, and you'd go in and buy butts for them. Sure, I said I'd buy him some.

Well now, lady, I got a fearful shock when I went in that hut. They had a store there, with the usual articles, razors, tooth brushes, trench mirrors, hard candy, all that sort of stuff on sale. The price were marked overhead, "Toothbrush 1.25." "Razor blades 2.50." Thinks I, this is no place for a poor sergeant that hasn't been paid in five months. Two bucks and a half for razor blades! Talk about war shortage and profiteer prices!

Well, well, I found out afterward the prices were in francs, but how was I to know? It didn't say so on the card. Well, I got the sergeant his cigarettes and went out and had a talk with him as well as I could, and then who should heave in sight but the fat little lieutenant that commanded my company. He'd been commissioned in the motor transport branch of the Quartermaster Corps because he was some kind of a wizard with motors, but he was paying for his trip across by commanding this dizzy bunch of casuals until they could be sorted out and sent back to their outfits. He had only two non-coms, with two hundred men, me and Star and Wreath. He knew nothing about the Army except that he wished he'd never gotten into it.

So he breezes up to me. Salute, salute. I thought I was going to get a hot shower for buying the French non-com cigarettes, but no.

"Sergeant," says the little looeey, "I observe that you speak French."

"Yes, sir!"

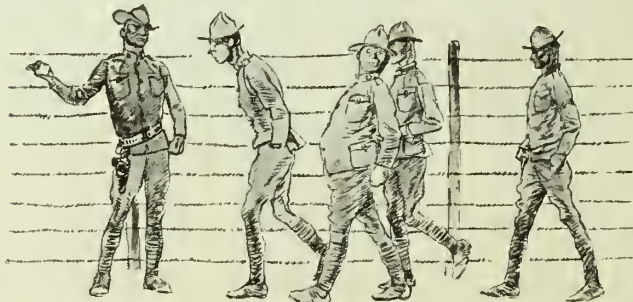
"The camp commander has instructed me to send four men and a non-com to Bordeaux this afternoon. Two men are to go for dental treatment, and two for transfer to the clerical division in the Q.M. headquarters. The non-com is to see that the men arrive safely, and that the two dental patients are in camp by retreat. He told me to find a non-com that spoke French, and I didn't think I was going to be able to, until I saw you talking to this officer."

"Yes, sir. When shall I go, sir?"

"Right after lunch. Report to me for your pass."

Well, well. Star and Wreath was crazy. He'd wanted to go, but the little looeey wouldn't let him. We had to have one non-com with the company at all times, and the little looeey had more confidence in Star and Wreath's judgment than he had in mine. He wasn't going to have two hundred hyenas on his hands with any such broken reed as I was to lean on.

So me and my detachment started for Bordeaux. We took a little ferry down at the foot of the hill, and put-putted to Bordeaux. When we landed, I told the two that were going back to camp to meet me at the dock at four-thirty, delivered the other two safely to the Q.M. Corps, and wandered up across the Quinconces to the Place de la Comédie, jingling my two franc pieces together and wondering how I was going to spend them, they being my very last red cents. That was early in the days of Bordeaux, lady, when the M.P.'s were gentlemen, there was no



restricted area, and American soldiers were a welcome novelty. I noticed there were a lot of them on the street, for daytime, then I discovered it was Wednesday afternoon, and no camp activities. These birds on the street seemed to be all Q.M. and motor transport, with a few cavalymen. The overseas cap hadn't come out yet, and you could tell a guy's arm of the service by his hat cord. My old regiment had started out as a cavalry outfit, and so I thought a cavalryman would be the one to approach.

"Hi!" said I. "What does a guy do here to pass the time?"

The cavalryman grinned a slow grin.

"How much francs yuh got?" he demanded.

"I haven't been paid since November."

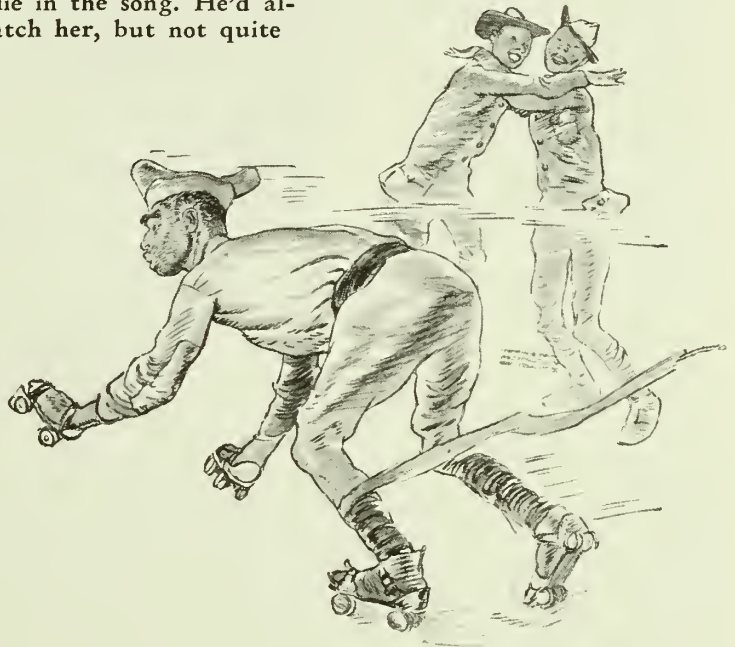
"Oh! Well, you better go sit in the park an' look at the Roman ruins."

dresses I'd seen that morning in camp, but I was surely wrong.

They hit me, a young lad from the Vermont hills via six months in the pine swamps of Mississippi, right between the eyes. Wow! But it was useless to think of it. All the money I had wouldn't even buy one of those glowing coal-eyed beauties a drink. I didn't drink in those days, anyway. I do now, though. Yes, I think it's time we had one. I'll buy you a drink, lady, and we'll drink to my vanished youth. It takes a war to make a guy realize what it means to be young. Preferably a war near Paris somewhere. Now! I'll just take a sip of this pleasant compound and begin anew.

We came to the skating rink. It was down a side street, but lots of the boys seemed to be headed that way. It cost us one franc to get in, and I paid for the cavalryman because he took

**Around and around and around,
like Willie in the song. He'd al-
most catch her, but not quite**



"No, but what I mean," said I, "isn't there a movie, or something a guy could go to?"

"How much yuh got?"

"Well," said I desperately, "I got about two francs and some big pennies!"

"I know a place to go," said the cavalryman, "an' I'll take you there. It's kind of a skating rink. I'll take you because your outfit was formed from the old Second, an' I was with them at Fabens in 1913."

"I don't want to skate!" I objected.

"Nah, nah, they don't skate there. Some do, but most of 'em don't. C'm on!"

We went off together down the main stem. There were some swell cafés there, the Café de Bordeaux across from the theater, the Scala Bar, and a place called the Coq Rouge that was already off limits even at that early date. Lady, I will say to you that I changed my mind about the French girls! Those Bordeaux babies were all to the mustard. I'd judged them by the laun-

me there. Inside was just a big roller skating rink, with a bar at one end that wasn't working, and a lot of seats for spectators. But all the boys seemed to be going out the back. We followed. Out there was a smaller rink, with no seats, just standing room around a kind of barrier, with soldiers in there like sardines in a can. There'd been some kind of accident, or a fight, just as we got there, because they were carrying away a soldier that was out cold. It couldn't have been serious, because everyone was laughing, and some were wiping the tears from their eyes, they'd laughed so hard. The place rocked with conversation; you couldn't hear anything but blablablah! We shoved and pushed and wormed our way to a place where we could see, finally, what was going on.

Well, lady, you would have died. They had a big Armenian, or Turk, or Bashie-Bazouke, or something like that, all shaggy hair and wild eyes, and he was being held down while seven or eight guys strapped roller skates on him. They got their task finished and shoved the shaggy man out on the floor. Then from a corner where I hadn't noticed her a girl skated out and did a pirouette.

When I say she was Nice, lady, believe me, I mean Nice! It was apparent that all she had on was a short pink gown effect, with a big bow ribbon in front. The shaggy man tried to get over to skate with her, but he wasn't very good on roller skates.

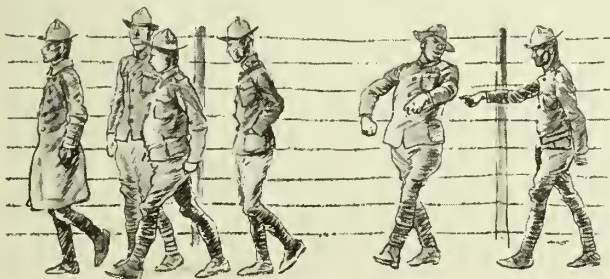
"What goes on?" said I to the cavalryman.

"The point is," he replied, "that anyone thinks he can skate can go out there and try to untie that bow she's got on!"

"That ought to be simple, even for a guy that can't skate."

"Watch it!" said he.

Well, that girl would undulate away (Continued on page 44)





By

FREDERICK
PALMER



KNOWN
BUT TO
GOD

WAS he a Smith or a Schmidt in the melting pot? Did his name begin with a Mc, a Mac or an O? Did it end in an i, an ein, an ich or a sky? We shall never know. But the great thing that we do know is that he proved himself to be an American in the gamble with death.

Where was he on that day that Congress declared war twenty years ago? We shall never know. But we do know where he is now, this man who represents us all—all the four millions and more of men who were in uniform, all the Legionnaires and their descendants.

He is under a simple block of stone before which a soldier of the Regular Army paces. One will continue to pace in his honor from dawn to dark as long as the nation survives. Maybe the Unknown Soldier never had a personal note in the home-town paper, but now he has undying fame in your name and mine if not his own. Pilgrims will visit his final rest billet long after eminent statesmen and generals of his time are forgotten.

If the Unknown Soldier could come to life again he would look out from his tomb over the rooftops of Washington and the strip of Pennsylvania Avenue between the White House and the Capitol to the horizon. Beyond that he would look over the Atlantic which he crossed in a packed transport. He would see the France that he knew.

Beyond France is the Rhine. But he never knew the Rhine. The gamble with death went against him.

MEMORY turns in vivid outline to that day, April 2, 1917, when President Wilson rode to the Capitol. Only ten weeks before, January 22d, his hopes high for his peace proposals, he had ridden to the Capitol to deliver his "Peace Without Victory" address to a joint session of Congress. Then he had no escort except the regular secret service men who always guard a President. On April 2d he had the escort of a squadron of cavalry.

Outside the Capitol on April 2d the crowd cheered the President as the squadron of cavalry was drawn up and he alighted from his car. Inside, the members of Congress waited in joint session for the President's coming. They felt the awe of the occasion as all the land listened for his words.

His face, with its high cheekbones and strong jaw, was set with stern resolution, yet aglow with the decision he had made. He would "Make the World Safe for Democracy" against the Kaiser, and for the German people.

He asked Congress to declare war. And Congress had the people's command. Only a few pacifist delegations gathered in the lobbies of the Capitol to withstand the tide of public anger and determination.

Congress declared war. The President signed the declaration on April 6th. That ended the suspense—the first suspense—in the final official formality. Grim reality had put the seal on anticipation.

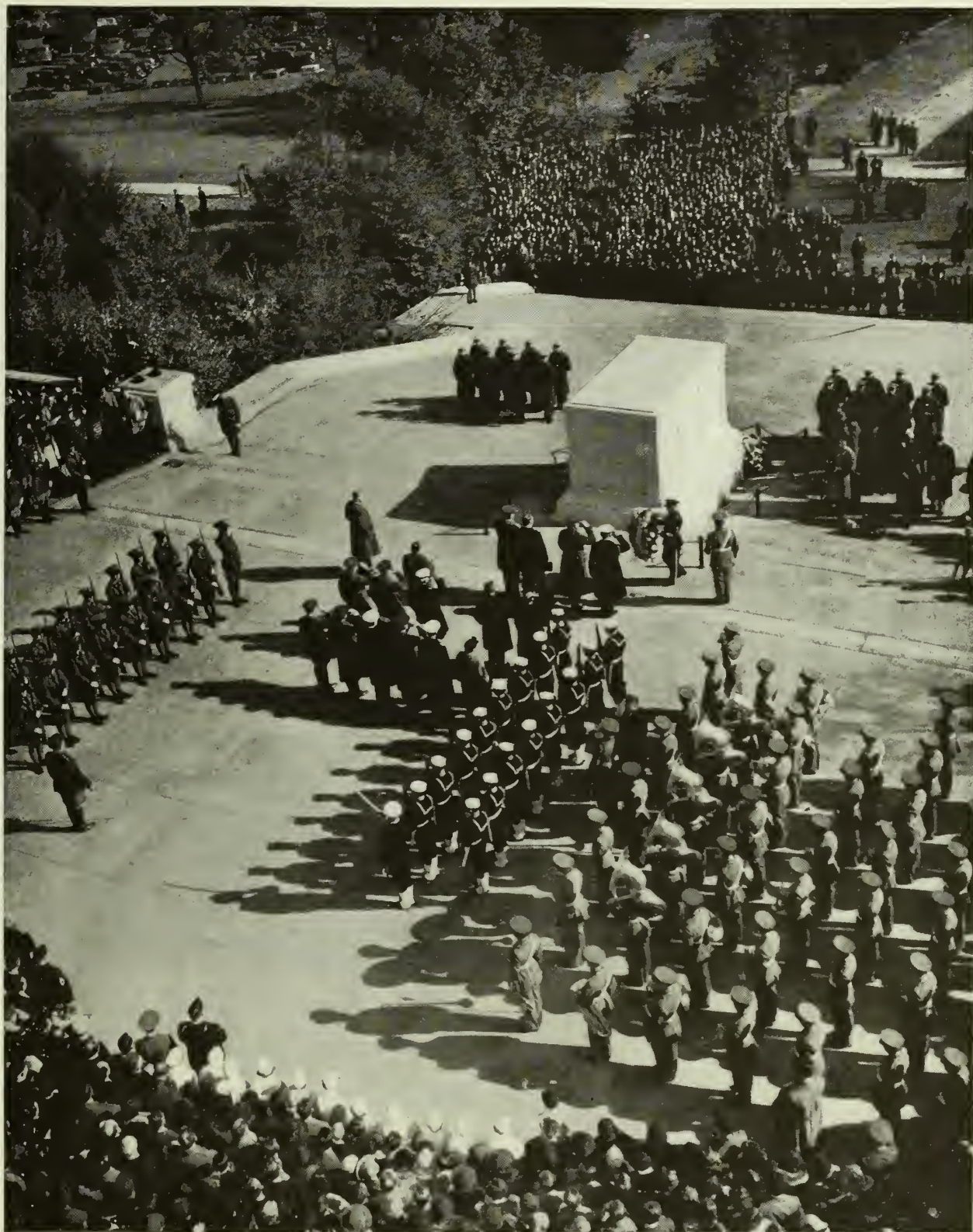
We were at war. Woodrow Wilson, who had striven to be a peace President, had become a war President. No one could foretell what we were in for. This, too, was "known but to God."

Destiny itself had taken that unknown soldier-to-be, taken the President, taken all of us, in hand on the day of the declaration of war. What was that unknown-to-be doing on that day? Was he working in a mill, breaking rocks, swinging an axe in the forests of the Northwest, doing his spring ploughing? Was he one of the bossed or one of the bosses in an office?

"The story of the American soldier in tin hat fighting his way past the châteaux of France is immortal history. He had part in the greatest crusade of all time"

Was he already a Regular or in the National Guard? Did he enlist or was he drafted into the National Army? Was he a scholar or did he just get by in reading and writing? Had he a dozen shirts in the drawer or only the one on his back? Had he a home that was paid for and money in the bank, or hadn't he carefare? It does not matter. He was the man we needed.

It did not occur to him on the day war was declared that he



would ever go to France and very likely not that he would ever be in khaki. He knew only what he had been told. Our Government knew only what it had been told. What a lot he was to learn before he was killed and what a lot our Government was to learn before the war was won!

The Allies told Washington before our entry that all we need supply was financial and economic aid to assure victory. They would do the fighting. Britain had reported that she had the U-boat on the run; but we were to learn, after we were in the war, that without our aid in fighting the U-boat, Britain would have been starved out by November, 1917.

When Marshal Joffre came to America he asked us to send just a few soldiers to France to "show the flag" in order to cheer the

French. Later we learned the French army had been broken by a great bloody repulse. Gloom hung as a dark cloud over the French people. There had been mutiny in the French army. Russia was as good as out of the war.

But this truth must not be told to the Allied peoples lest it reach the Germans and hearten them. We had become a member of a bankrupt secret society of brave cripples. War is a great liar behind the lines, but no liar at the front. There you get the truth straight—as the Unknown Soldier got it.

In memory, from that hillcrest beside the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, let us look under the Navy Department roof after our entry into the war. The Navy was at grips with reality. It had a big job ahead in beating the (Continued on page 53)

D

S

C

BY BERNHARD RAGNER

Illustration by
RAYMOND SISLEY

MOST persons believe that the World War ended on November 11, 1918, at least as far as the fighting was concerned. This, however, is an error. For Sergeant Carl Robbins, Company M, 27th Infantry, of Concord, Tennessee, the war did not end until January 10, 1920, when, displaying "extraordinary heroism in action," he went to his death at Posolskaya, Siberia. It was no sham battle, for the War Department citation awarding Sergeant Robbins posthumously the Distinguished Service Cross reads:

"When his platoon was attacked in the night by an armored train, he climbed up on the engine in the face of pistol and machine-gun fire and hurled a grenade into the cab, which rendered the engine incapable of further operation, losing his life by his gallant conduct."

And this, believe it or not, happened fourteen months after the Armistice of Rethondes, when ninety-nine percent of the A. E. F. was back in civilian clothes. Further, more than a score of other D. S. C.'s were awarded for battle heroism subsequent to November of 1918.

Most persons also believe that the World War battles in which United States troops took part were limited to the soil of France, Belgium, Northern Russia and Siberia, although mention is seldom



made of the final two. This is another error. Indeed, one "engagement"—the word used by the War Department—was fought within the territorial limits of the United States and in Mexico. In proof, I submit the officially-proclaimed fact that Oliver W. Fannin (first lieutenant, 35th Infantry, of Colorado, Texas) and James F. Lavery (private first class, Quartermaster Corps, of Lavery, Pennsylvania) both received the D. S. C. for participation in this Mexican-American battle. Lavery's citation reads:

"During an engagement with hostile Mexicans at Nogales, Arizona, and Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, Private Lavery, braving the heaviest fire, repeatedly entered the zone of fire with his motor truck and carried wounded men to places of safety, thereby saving the lives of several soldiers."

Now, as every soldier knows, the D. S. C. is a battle decoration for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy." Strange as it may seem, the battle front in this case was six thousand miles away from Château-Thierry and Saint Mihiel. Fannin and Lavery never crossed the Atlantic; they were never permitted to wear overseas chevrons, and still they became regular members of America's D. S. C. family. The date of their heroism, August 27, 1918.

These are two of the little-known facts which are hidden away within the 846 pages of War Department Document No. 38a, and from which I plan to quote extensively during the course of this article. It contains a succinct biography of each member of the D. S. C. family, with emphasis on the exploit which permit-



With heavy shelling and machine gun fire destroying communications Sergeant Lamb of his own initiative repeatedly made repairs and re-established communication

ted him or her—for the so-called weaker sex is included—to enter this exclusive group. This book proves that buglers do more than bugle, cooks more than cook, and Y. M. C. A. secretaries more than hand out cigarettes and chocolate.

A War Department press agent might make a best seller out of this bulky document. A little alliteration might help; it could be advertised as a *Catalogue of Courage*, with more than six hundred individual entries, a *Who's Who of Heroism*, or a *Dictionary of Daring*. It begins with AAMODT (Morris H. G. of St. Paul), progresses through the alphabet via GONZALES (Benjamin, of Watrous, New Mexico) and SZCZEPANIK (Joseph, of New York Mills, New York) and terminates with ZLOTNIKOFF, ZOBNOWSKI, ZUCKERMAN and ZYCH, for of such is America.

Rank cuts no ice in this volume. Little space is devoted to generals, although a few do get in, notably Douglas MacArthur, former Chief of Staff, U. S. A. Indeed, the privates outnumber by far the generals, colonels and majors; from my figuring, most of the D. S. C.'s went to the lower ranks of both the enlisted and commissioned personnel; that is, the privates (first class and buck) are mentioned about as frequently as the lieutenants (first and second), but I must confess that I did not have time to make an actual count.

For years I have thought in my ignorance that the D. S. C. was the exclusive property of the male sex, and that the War Department had hung up a sign, "Ladies Not Admitted." This was and is a mistake, for in my explorations I encountered four nurses, and there are perhaps more. Their names: Jane Jeffrey of Dorchester, Massachusetts; Helen G. McClelland of Laurinburg, North Carolina; Beatrice MacDonald of New York; Isabelle Stambaugh of Mifflintown, Pennsylvania. The citation of Miss Jeffrey is typical:

"While she was on duty at American Red Cross Hospital No. 107, Miss Jeffrey was severely wounded by an exploding bomb during an air raid. She showed utter disregard for her own safety by refusing to leave her post, though suffering great pain from her wounds. Her courageous attitude and devotion to the task of helping others was inspiring to all her associates."

Even civilians received and merited the D. S. C. In my research, I have discovered the following Y. M. C. A. men (I shall not be astonished to find others) who were awarded this unusual decoration: Murray Bartlett of Geneva, New York (he retired a couple of years ago as President of Hobart College); Mandeville J. Barker Jr., of Garrettsville, Ohio; William R. Farmer of Pittsburgh; Dr. Mercer G. Johnston of Baltimore; Thomas W. Wilbur of Larchmont, New York. The Barker citation reads:

"Mr. Barker showed a fearless disregard of his own safety by crawling out in front of the line under (Continued on page 50)



10 YEARS *A Prize*

TEN years ago some twenty thousand men and women, members of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary, crossed the ocean to Paris for their national convention. It was the largest peacetime argosy in recorded history. For nearly every one of the twenty thousand it included, at one point or another, the greatest moment of their peacetime lives.

Today The American Legion, at the invitation of the French and Italian governments, is planning another overseas pilgrimage, to follow the close of the New York National Convention next September. Details of the 1937 pilgrimage will be made available from time to time.

THOUSANDS of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries are planning to make the trip. The number will include hundreds who took the 1927 journey. But many will make the 1937 tour who did not cross the ocean ten years ago.

They want to know what it will be like. They want to know

what sort of experiences await them in the lands where the A. E. F. played an important part in the victory of more than eighteen years ago.

Nobody can tell them better than the men and women who were part of the 1927 pilgrimage. The American Legion Monthly therefore announces herewith the inauguration of a prize contest to be based on answers to the question:

WHAT WAS YOUR MOST INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF THE 1927 PILGRIMAGE?

It may have been a visit to the tangled corner of the Argonne where a hunk of shrapnel put a stop to your military career in the fall of 1918. It may have been a reunion with *The Stars and Stripes* war orphan which your outfit adopted. It may have been a visit with a French family with which you were billeted. It



AFTER *Contest*

The Coliseum, which every Legionnaire visiting Rome next October will want to see. On opposite page, General Pershing as he arrived at Cherbourg aboard the Leviathan for the 1927 convention in Paris. Almost completely hidden by the General is Howard P. Savage, who as National Commander presided over the Paris convention

may have been the right hand of gratitude extended to you by a beleaguered family in whose liberation you had a sharesomewhere inside the St. Mihiel salient. It may have been something utterly unlike any of these, but so vivid, so dramatic, so pathetic, so comic, that the world would like to hear about it—particularly that part of the Legion world that is planning to make the trip this year.

FOR the best answer to the question "What was your most interesting experience of the 1927 pilgrimage?" submitted in accordance with the rules laid down below, The American Legion Monthly will offer:

A FIRST PRIZE of \$250, to be devoted to expenses of the trip, with any remainder paid in cash.

SECOND PRIZE of \$100.

THIRD AND FOURTH PRIZES of \$50 each.

FIFTH TO TENTH PRIZES of \$25 each.

TEN CONSOLATION PRIZES of \$10 each.

Rules governing the contest are as follows:

1. Every contribution must be written (preferably type-written) on one side of the paper only and limited to 250 words.
2. Give full name and address, and name of Post or Auxiliary Unit.
3. The contest, by its very nature, will be confined almost exclusively to men and women who actually made the 1927 tour. It is not beyond the realm of possibility, however, that persons who did not make the journey touched it at some point that makes a good story.
4. The editors of The American Legion Monthly will be the sole judges in the contest, and their decisions will be final.
5. All contributions must be received by May 10th. Prize-winning contributions will be published in the July issue. Address all contributions to 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Contest, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
6. No contributions will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning them.

VETERANS *Unpreferred*

BY J. BRYAN HOBBS

Commander, Department of Maryland

THE AMERICAN LEGION

IT'S about time someone publicly took down his hair and told the truth about the urgent problem of finding jobs for World War veterans. I've decided to shoulder the grief for two reasons—first, as chairman of the Legion's National Committee on Veterans' Employment during 1936 I perceived the acuteness of the national situation; second, as Department Commander of Maryland in 1937 I daily have forced upon me the realization that we haven't done as much about the unemployed veteran problem as we should have. Finally, it seems to me that there is a misunderstanding of what is happening that should be corrected before it is too late. So here are the bitter facts.

Offhand, you'd think that, with better times here at last, the task of finding jobs for unemployed veterans would be comparatively simple, particularly here in Maryland. Our State is small in area, but thickly populated and highly industrialized, and with smoke pouring from factory chimneys again jobs should be plentiful. And with more jobs available and our Department Committee for Unemployed Veterans possessing three years' experience, ex-service men should get their share of those jobs. But they don't. Listen to a sample of what happens almost every day in the office of Mike Bonadio.

Mike is the head of the bureau of skilled and unskilled labor in the government employment service. He also has worked with A. Verne Collison on our Department's employment committee and is eager to place veterans, Legionnaires or not. On this particular day when I entered Mike was at the telephone, a grin of joy on his face.

"Eight jobs," he repeated. "Swell. When do you want the men to report?"

Something was said and his grin faded. He frowned. "What? Age limit thirty-five? . . . Say, have a . . . O.K. . . . O.K., if that's the way you want it."

He jabbed the receiver back on its rest, scribbled on a pad.

"Eight jobs," he said bitterly, "all of them in factories—probably permanent—and I can't send a single veteran."

"The devil you preach!" I exclaimed. "You can work in a few, can't you?"

"They want men of twenty-five, and won't take them over thirty-five." He growled in his throat. "I don't know a veteran under forty, do you?"

I didn't. Scarcely anyone does. The average age of the World War veteran to-day is forty-four. He's a middle-aged man with thickening girth, thinning hair, and dimming eyesight. Younger men are out fighting for the jobs that ex-service men had before the depression—and are getting most of them.

Figure it for yourself. If you were an employer and could hire a man of twenty-five with twenty more years of productive effort before him, would you employ a man of nearly forty-five with ten years of effort remaining to him?

Nor is that the only reason why industry is not absorbing

the veteran in the same proportion as it is younger unemployed men. There's the workmen's compensation act. Under this law of employer liability the premium paid by the employer is higher on older men than it is on younger workmen. Consequently industry can actually save money by hiring younger men. The blunt truth is that unless the veteran offers exceptional skill or the employer is himself a veteran and wants to give a wartime comrade a break, the veteran is pushed aside in favor of youth.

Here are the figures to prove this fact. Take A. Verne Collison's report for December, 1936, a typical month. Out of a total of 63,970 registered unemployed in Maryland (not all, however, are registered) there were 4,297 World War veterans. Of these ex-service men 201 were placed in jobs. But—

Only sixty-nine were employed by private industry; national, state and municipal projects absorbed 125 and seven went on work relief projects pending something better.

Even this statement is not so good as it looks, for of the sixty-nine private industry jobs, eighty percent were pick-and-shovel tasks on building projects, which means that as soon as the building is completed the veterans will again be out of work.

What does this mean? It means that of the 201 jobs almost all are temporary, lasting hardly beyond the year. There is no security, no future in them.

Nor is this all. Hundreds of veterans were barred even from these private contracting jobs, usually at the instance of insurance companies writing workmen's compensation liabilities. This is a recent development. Collison and Mike Bonadio have been in the contracting business for twenty or more years. And they tell me that hitherto when you had a job to do you sent to an employment agency naming the number of men, skilled and unskilled, that you wanted, and the men were sent over

and went to work. Not so now. Under a new set-up the men to be employed have to pass a physical examination. A veteran of forty-four can have lots wrong with him. If he has been unemployed for some time, suffering from malnutrition, it is a cinch he is not physically perfect. So he does not get the job.

What's the answer to the problem posed above? It is this. Despite the return of better times and more employment, the veteran is being passed by, crowded out by younger men. Each year will see him more crowded, passed by more and more.

And the great danger here is that no one quite realizes what is happening. Along with many others the veteran was thrown out of employment by the depression. So he was no more unfortunate than thousands of others. My point is that now, when returning prosperity is opening many new jobs, the veteran is not getting his share.

Illustration by
FORREST C. CROOKS



"Despite the return of better times and more employment, the veteran is being passed by, crowded out by younger men. Each year will see him passed by more and more"

He is handicapped by his age, by increasing competition from younger men.

During the depression The American Legion organized employment efforts to aid the veteran. We made a great issue out of it then, and now with better times the jobless veteran has apparently ceased to be a major concern, the understanding being that he is being taken care of by returning prosperity. That is not the fact, as we know, so I flatly state that getting employment for jobless veterans should become a major, enduring objective of The American Legion from now on. Each year makes the task harder.

Further, I believe that the task of finding employment for ex-service men should devolve squarely on the Departments. You Department officers who read this, how many unemployed veterans in your State? What are you doing to find them jobs?

Meeting the problem daily makes you sick at heart. A man without work is a man without an anchor; slowly his heart breaks, his soul becomes as shabby as his clothes.

For instance, I know a veteran who was a draughtsman and a good one. The depression threw him out of employment. He was willing to work at anything, but there wasn't anything to work at. He worried about his wife; he fretted about his children. His clothes got shabby; his shoes wore through; his linen was ragged. He had the helpless, defeated, bitter expression that told others he was down and out.

We finally got him a job draughting (after endless jobs of door-tending, ditch-digging and unloading ice-wagons) and because he was a good draughtsman the job became permanent and he's clung to it. To-day his courage is high, spiritually he's been re-made; he looks at the world with steady gaze. He has a reserve in the bank, a future. Even if he wore the same clothes as he did when jobless, he (Continued on page 48)

WOULD WE GET IN AGAIN?

By

JOHN H. CRAIGE



CAN the United States stay out of Europe's next great war? This is a question that is being asked today with a good deal of heart-searching anxiety by groups of American legislators representing the best brains in the Senate and House. All agree that the answer isn't as simple as it seems. Good intentions aren't enough. We saw that in the years from 1914 to 1917. If we want to stay out of war, we must do something about it—and do it now.

This brings us to the second question that is engaging the attention of our law-makers. Providing we think we can stay out of the mess that is brewing and are determined to make every effort to do so, how best can we plan now to resist the pressures towards war that we know will develop once the drums begin to beat abroad?

It won't be long before they begin to beat, experts tell us. Somewhere about the middle of 1938, these say, the United States may expect to hear of an explosion across the Atlantic Ocean to the east of us. The nations will be ready by that time. The armament programs of all concerned will have reached the peak of an ascending curve. All will be in shape to fight, and the reaction against crushing taxes will not have had time to dampen nationalistic enthusiasms. A new "incident" will occur. Perhaps a new archduke will be assassinated, or a stray king or prime minister. Then a new world war will be on its way.

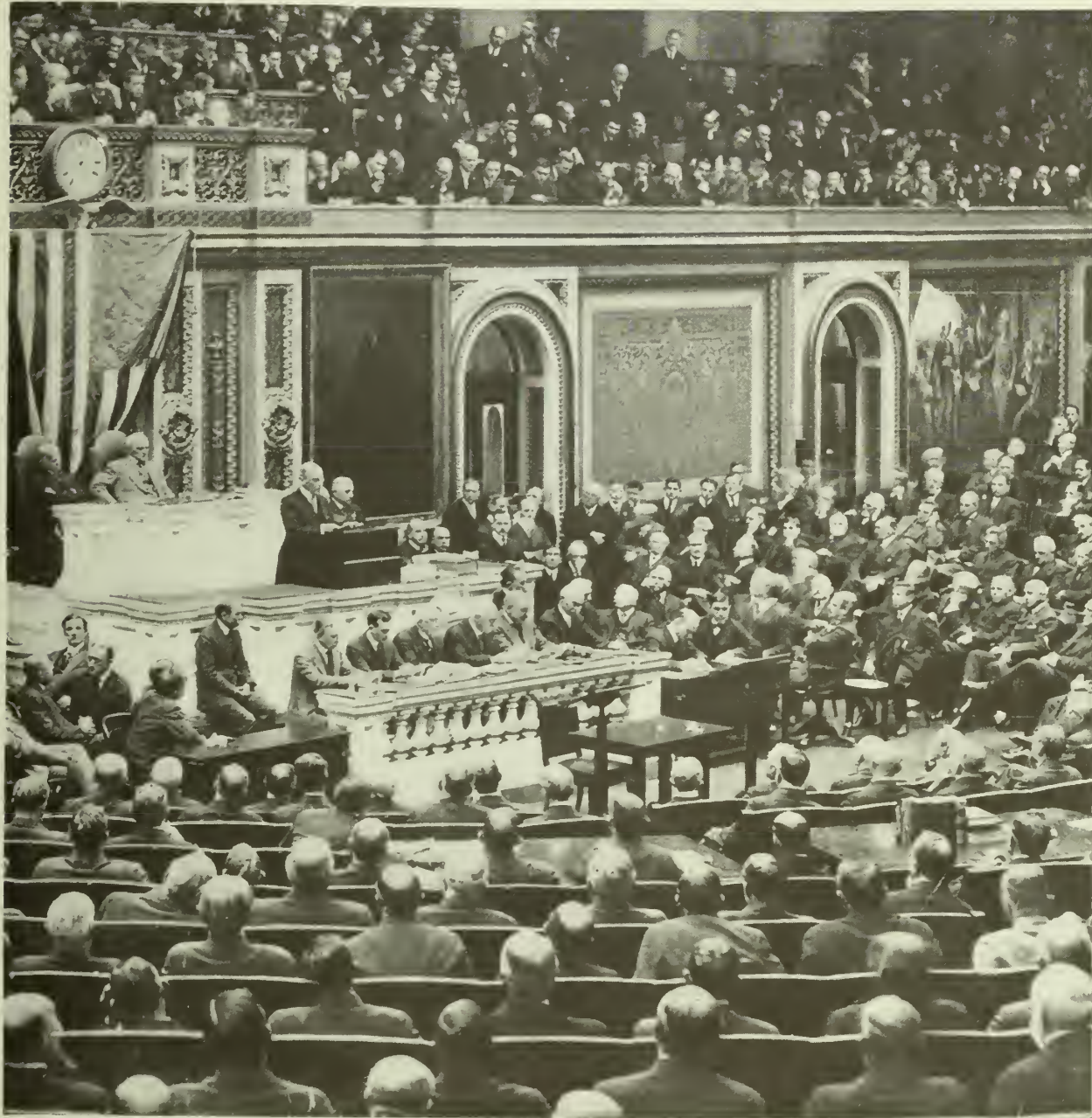
The young manhood of the European continent, perhaps of

Asia too, will march out to die on the battlefield. Prosperous cities, rich industrial districts, airmen predict, will be blotted out by giant bombs from the skies, their inhabitants piled in mangled, bleeding heaps. Men, women and children far from the fighting fronts will die in their homes gasping for breath during night gas bombardments.

New fangled tanks of modern war, huge armored fortresses traveling at express-train speed, will hurtle across peaceful countrysides, scattering death and destruction. The shattered bodies of infantrymen will once again hang on the barbed wire of many a new No Man's Land under the hail of machine-gun fire. Even babies in the cradle will wear gas masks. This seems to be the fate for which Europe is heading with a momentum beyond the power of men to check.

Such is the picture experts paint for us of what the next year and a half will bring about in the Old World. From practically every capital of Europe come reports, public and confidential alike, to the effect that war cannot long be delayed. A year or even six months ago there were many who believed that a general conflict could be avoided or put off indefinitely. Now expert opinion is practically unanimous to the effect that war on an unprecedented scale may be expected to break out in a matter of months.

This is the reason why the question of keeping America out of war has become a burning one in the present session of Congress.



"God helping her, she can do no other." Woodrow Wilson asking the joint session of the Senate and House of Representatives to declare war on Germany, April 2, 1917. Behind him, Vice President Marshall and Champ Clark, Speaker of the House

Since the beginning of the present session in January more than a score of bills and resolutions have been introduced with a view to keeping the United States out of war. Eight of these dealt with the problems of neutrality. Six had to do with limiting profits in event of war and the remaining seven were on scattering allied subjects.

These had their origin in legislative groups representing many sections of the country and all shades of American opinion from the ultra-conservatives to those of radical-pacifist leanings. Prominent among the measures representing the sentiments of Mr. Average American Citizen was the splendid American Legion bill for the general draft of the nation's capital, resources and manpower on an equal basis. This is a fine measure and should be passed. It may be necessary to supplement it with additions from time to time, but as a beginning it would be a long step in the right direction.

Many of the measures proposed are conflicting in nature and often diametrically opposed with respect to the remedies they

favor. They are united only on the two fundamental underlying convictions that prompted them—first, that Europe is on the eve of a general war; second, that the United States must be kept out of the mess.

Among the groups working in Congress to keep the United States out of war, there is one more proposition on which all agree, and that is that if a general war comes, it is not going to be easy to keep our country safely on the outside. Many Senators and Representatives now occupying key positions remember only too vividly the process by which the United States moved from peace to war in the years from 1914 to 1917.

Many of the forces most potent in bringing us into the war with Germany were set in motion by economic cycles, automatic in operation. There is widespread fear that if a general war comes and the same cycles are allowed to operate unchecked they will carry us into war again.

We may get a mouthful of wartime prosperity and want more. We may know that we are in for a headache when the inevitable depression follows our war debauch. Yet against our own better judgment we may want to hang on to our flush of superprosperity even at the expense of a ruinous aftermath.

No man who was a member of the American Army or Navy in the war with Germany will ever forget the anti-war sentiment that swept our uniformed establishments after the Armistice. Every soldier and sailor raised his hand (Continued on page 58)

The PERPETUAL EPIDEMIC:

By

WATSON B. MILLER

Director, National Rehabilitation Committee

THE AMERICAN LEGION

TWO years ago radio programs of one of the large broadcasting chains contained an announcement of a fifteen minute talk by Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, as one of a series of brief lectures under the general title of "Public Health Needs."

When the time arrived for General Parran to speak the following announcement came over the air:

"The program originally scheduled for this period will not be heard. Instead, Miss Dolly Ticklekeys will play the piano." Dolly Ticklekeys is my own name for the studio artist, always on hand for emergencies, who took over the program.

The Surgeon General later told me why he had been excluded from the air. In accordance with regulations he had submitted in advance a manuscript of his talk. After treating the subjects of cancer and tuberculosis the paper mentioned syphilis as a disease "which fills our almshouses, jails and asylums." It called for a franker realization of the extent and seriousness of this plague. On his arrival at the studio a few minutes before he was to go on the air General Parran was met by the program director. The general's script would have to be changed, this official said, eliminating the word syphilis, which was not permitted over the network. General Parran protested that this was rather short notice in which to revamp a paper which he had prepared with some care. Whereupon Miss Ticklekeys stepped into the breach.

In view of this ostrich-like attitude, to borrow General Parran's expression, is it any wonder that today syphilis stands as the greatest single menace to American health, and I think I am justified in adding, the greatest menace to American happiness also? Take the bald figures. At least five percent of the population is infected. Some estimates place the total afflicted as high as twelve million.

That's one American in ten. This figure, understand, comes from no sensationalist. It comes from one of the best-posted men in the country—Dr. Joseph E. Moore, physician-in-charge of the syphilis division of the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital Clinic at Baltimore. The scientifically estimated number of cases coming under treatment for the first time is 1,140,000 annually. Of these 518,000 are new or early-stage cases, the balance cases in which the disease has progressed beyond the primary stage. Taking the early cases only, syphilis is among the most common of all infectious diseases, excepting measles in an epidemic year. Syphilis is our perpetual epidemic. It strikes thirty percent more frequently than tuberculosis, fifty percent more frequently than scarlet fever, almost seven times as often as typhoid and paratyphoid fevers, a hundred times as often as infantile paralysis and two hundred times as often as smallpox.

Were any other ailment, half so serious in its effects on the human constitution, to show anything like this prevalence, the whole country would know it. The newspapers would be filled with it, reporting the rise or decline of cases from day to day, as they do when flu or grippe strikes a community. Common sense would instinctively support the medical profession in the inauguration of emergency measures to be maintained until statistics showed the epidemic to be under control and on the wane. The



SYPHILIS

Decorated by
JOHN E. COSTIGAN



result would be a speedy mastery of the plague, as it has been mastered in the Scandinavian countries since the war, and as we ourselves have mastered tuberculosis, typhoid and malaria and have virtually wiped out smallpox.

What prevents an intelligent attack on the syphilis problem? Nothing but ignorance, which is the result of a wall of silence, in its turn the result of childish prudery which would regard syphilis as a form of moral delinquency rather than a disease. Thirty years ago the situation was so bad that when the United States Public Health Service prepared the material for a pamphlet on the subject the then Secretary of the Treasury returned the manuscript with a notation forbidding the printing of such "obscene matter." The Public Health Service is under the Treasury Department. Things have improved since then and, indeed, a year after the broadcasting corporation referred to had refused its facilities to General Parran, the company reconsidered and invited the surgeon general to speak over the air on the subject of syphilis. Another major broadcasting company is now giving deep consideration to widening its policy. Within the year past magazine and newspaper editors have begun to lift the taboo. Last fall I had the privilege of addressing the National Executive Committee of The American Legion on the subject. A resolution was adopted urging the co-operation of our organization in the work. Since that time the National Rehabilitation Committee has sent to Departments and Posts thousands of pieces of literature on venereal diseases.

These are encouraging signs, vastly so, but very much remains undone. The boards of motion picture censors in a number of States, including New York, will not pass any film dealing with the venereal diseases, irrespective of its merits. Such films, prepared by the American Social Hygiene Association for use with the Army and Navy and in industry cannot be shown in theaters of such States—this notwithstanding the fact that the great danger-age for infection begins at 16 and ends at 30.

The disease is communicated innocently about as often as it is by illicit sexual contact. Thousands of marital partners are infected. A host of babies is infected before birth.

Perhaps these figures surprise most of my readers. They surprised me when I first began to take note of them, and my work brings me in closer touch with medical matters than the average layman. Once in possession of the facts I was astonished at the ignorance of otherwise well-informed persons, particularly ex-service men. Veterans are familiar with the wise and effective precautions taken during the war to guard the armed forces from venereal disease. The availability of prophylactic stations and the prompt discovery and treatment of every case kept those ills down, whereas in other wars they had been the greatest problem. Army and navy authorities are proud of the World War record as to venereal diseases generally. Perhaps many veterans returned to civil life with the idea that similar precautions, with similar results, were practiced in the world at large.

If so, they are mistaken. I have no means of knowing whether veterans on the whole are freer from syphilis than the common run of folk, or otherwise. I should think that their war-time experience might tend to make them freer; and certainly they are now at an age when they are much less likely to contract the disease than they were at the age of 20. Nevertheless, I was present at the great Veterans Administration (Continued on page 55)



Just Plain

By

Alligator wrestling, for instance. Bumps Coppinger, thirty-eight-year-old native of Florida, is champion at this peculiar pastime, and every Sunday during the winter he downs a twelve-foot live alligator at the Miami-Biltmore Water Carnival before several thousand paying spectators. He's been doing this for a living since he was twenty, but danger exists every time he jumps into the pool. An alligator can knock you thirty feet with his tail. He has two sets of dagger fangs which can easily snap off an arm or two.

WHERE were you on the afternoon of Thursday, July 4, 1918?

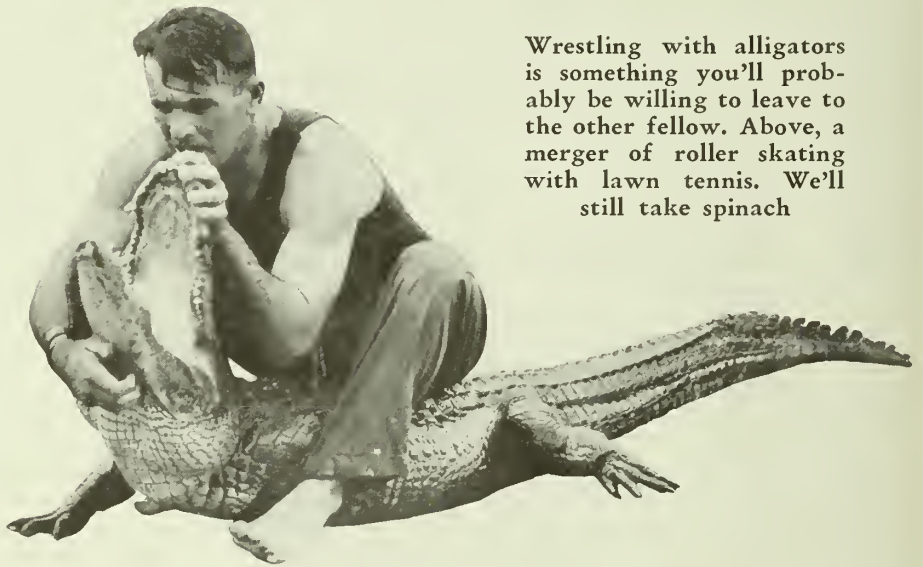
Maybe you were lying in the wheatfields of Fismes. Or possibly you were seated near me in the Gaumont Palace, the largest theater in Paris on the hill of Montmartre.

There were five thousand of us that afternoon, mostly American wounded, with a few French. Quite a show the Red Cross put on, too. First of all some movies, then Elsie Janis, who sang a pointed song about ninety-day wonders parking their spurs on the office desks. Next a boxing exhibition by Gorgeous Georges Carpentier, later to be all but massacred by Jack Dempsey in Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City. Then came the big event.

They turned ten colored boys loose in the ring, blindfolded them, armed them with gloves, and rang the bell. Anything went. Hands, feet, punching, biting, kicking, hitting, no holds barred. Half the time they were slugging the air and the other half planking someone in the back of the neck. We forgot our aches and pains, the holes in our legs and stomachs, we rocked and roared with laughter as the battlers tumbled to earth, with the single survivor crowned champ. They called it a battle royal, and I guess it was, all right.

That was the goofiest sport I ever saw. It was, moreover, my introduction to goofy sports. Since then it has become plain to me that the average American loves goofy sports, the goofier the better. He is nuts about all queer forms of athletics, and never happier than when he's doing something strictly against the rules, out of bounds, or out of season. As for instance, skiing on pine needles in June, skating on artificial ice in midsummer, swimming at Coney Island in December, or playing tennis on roller skates in a sub-zero February.

Sometimes these sports are not merely goofy but dangerous.



Wrestling with alligators is something you'll probably be willing to leave to the other fellow. Above, a merger of roller skating with lawn tennis. We'll still take spinach

But if Bumps is frightened he never shows it. "I always look my alligator in the eye and know before I grapple him whether he is going to give me trouble." A three hundred pound 'gator, twice Coppinger's weight, can usually be subdued in about twenty minutes. Bumps dives from his canoe, approaches the beast from the front, clasps his jaws together, and up comes a writhing, squirming mass of beast and man fighting hard for supremacy. Finally man wins. He dumps the 'gator into the frail canoe and then, still holding his jaws tight, gains the edge of the pool by rocking his canoe. The object is to get the animal on his back and put him to sleep by stroking the nerve center which runs down his stomach.

Somewhat less dangerous but no less goofy is a sport for women, Husband-Calling. The Hampshire County Grange of Massachusetts crowned Mrs. William Underwood of Mount Tom champion Husband-Caller for 1936. She defeated a large field of Husband-Callers and carried off the title for the second year in succession. Husband-Calling is rather like Hog-Calling, but goofier. Mrs. Underwood starts her call with a low "Will . . ."

GOOFY

John R. Tunis

raising her voice to a higher pitch of "Yum." This, she claims, can be heard "pretty near a mile." There were protests from other contestants last summer who claimed she had an unfair advantage with the name. William, they said, was far too easy. Proving that names mean nothing to a champion, Mrs. Underwood called her son Richard, and followed this up with such tough ones as Aloysius, Patrick and Montmorency. Her fame spread after this second triumph and she appeared on Rudy Vallee's radio hour.

Another carload of jackasses was recently added to American sport. Naturally this refers to the four-legged variety—a polo team sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Pleasanton, California. Honest, now, an idea like that would have to come from California or Florida, wouldn't it? The reason for changing from horses to jackasses is not stated. Maybe the horses have been showing up their riders, and the idea is to give the boys an even break.

Jackass polo is by no means the only form of polo in the goofier regions of the sport. Roller polo and motorcycle polo, the latter sometimes called Sudden Death, are both played enthusiastically by athletic maniacs. The former has been alive since 1882, and there are today leagues through the Middle West and in New



Ever ride an ostrich? Unfortunately, Jockey Thomas Jefferson hadn't much to clutch when the going got tough

England. A team is composed of five men on roller skates, a first rush, second rush, center, halfback and goalie. The ball is of red rubber about the size of a baseball. Sticks which can be lifted above the player's head are strapped to the wrists. Murder is forbidden.

Imagine twelve husky 200 pounders playing the rough and tumble shinny of the streets of Chicago's South Side for a purse of several hundred dollars, and you have some idea of a roller polo match. It's a hard-boiled game with the essence and tactics of hockey, the abandon of shinny, the speed of polo and the tosses and falls of the prize ring. All teams are professional, and at one time the Horlick Malted Milk Five of Racine, Wisconsin, was famous throughout the country.

Nor is motorcycle polo any sport for the Timid Soul. In this goofy game you have ten men dashing about a field 300 by 200 feet on cycles weighing more than a quarter of a ton each. Recklessness is taken for granted, and spills, thrills, and crashes occur every minute or so. When one happens and the rider hasn't had the presence of mind to turn off his throttle, he finds the machine doing contortions and tailspins all by itself on the ground. Except the goal keeper, who can use his bike, everyone must hit the soccer ball with his feet. Here's a game harder on the officials than on the players. The officials are unmounted and have to run up and down the field to follow the play. In all there are seven officials—a referee, two assistant referees to judge goals, and four umpires to pass on outsides and toss the ball into play. Seven officials for ten players.

Possibly the goofiest of all varieties of polo is Don Dickerman's pirate polo, invented by a mastermind and played every Sunday during the season in the McFadden-Deauville Pool in Miami for large stakes. The players climb into small boats and smack a rubber ball through the goal posts with their paddles. Then of course there is backyard polo, enjoyed in the suburbs of New York by dentists, doctors and professional (Continued on page 46)



Forgot your golf clubs? All right, use a sling shot and laugh at par

A KISS *on the* NOSE

A Short Short Story
by
WILLIAM A. ERSKINE

Illustration by
DONALD TEAGUE



WHEN Bill Meredith heard that the Cathaway stable would sell their colt Pluto he grabbed the first plane for Louisville. When he discovered that the Cathaway stable was run by a woman he groaned. He expected the worst—and got Chloe Cathaway.

"I'll buy the colt," Bill managed to say, "if his owner will let me take her dancing this evening."

"That's not very businesslike," protested Chloe, but she appeared on time, wearing a white satin gown.

"Gosh!" Bill exclaimed. "And I expected a tall, gaunt, horsy woman about forty." Chloe was eighteen, and as slim and sleek as a young filly.

"And don't you all think I'm like that now?" drawled Chloe.

"You're intoxicating," murmured Bill, and stooping over he kissed her. For a moment he thought she clung to him, and then—

"My wrap, please," she said coldly. "I'll send your horse over in the morning."

"What's the matter, Chloe?" asked her cousin, Jim Barber, when she came down to breakfast next morning. "Sore at the world?"

"Will you do me a favor, Jim?"

"I always have," grinned Jim. "What is it?"

"Will you train my horses for the rest of the meet?"

"Sure," said Jim. "What do I do first?"

"Take Pluto over to Mr. Meredith," said Chloe. "I sold him the colt last night."

"What about Pancho?" asked Jim. Pancho was a goat that shared Pluto's stall.

"Send Pancho to the farm," commanded Chloe. "He's got the stable smelling like a glue factory."

"But," protested Jim, "Pluto won't run much without Pancho."

"Mr. Meredith has already got more than he's paid for," said Chloe coldly. "And his contract doesn't call for a goat. And Jim," she added, twirling a ring on her finger, "will you tell Mr. Meredith that you are engaged to me?"

"Engaged! Why—"

"Mr. Meredith doesn't know your family history," said Chloe impatiently, "and I'll explain everything to Ruth."

"O.K.," said Jim. "But it sounds screwy to me."

Bill entered Pluto in a race on Friday. He came in next to last. "What's the matter with that horse?" he demanded of his trainer. "I thought you clocked him in 1:40."

"I did. The horse is homesick. Misses that goat."

"What goat?"

"Miss Chloe always kept a goat in his stall. Lots of horses are funny that way."

"Well, buy the goat."

"I tried to," replied the trainer. "It's not for sale."

"Get a new jockey," said Bill. "Try Willard."

The next day Bill met Chloe in the paddock as they were saddling Pluto for a race. "I'm sorry about the other night," he said. "I didn't know about Mr. Barber—"

Chloe ignored his apology. "You'd better tell Willard to leave that whip behind," she replied. "Pluto doesn't like cave men, either."

The boy looked questioningly at Bill. Bill's anger warped his better judgment.

"You're supposed to win," he snapped at the boy. "If you don't use the whip you'll explain to the judges why you weren't trying."

Willard was a smart boy and he did his best, but turning into the stretch they were in fifth place, so he brought the whip down sharply on Pluto's side. The next minute Willard was rolling around on the track. Bill rushed out and picked him up.

"Nice riding!" jeered Chloe, from the fence.

The lad just grinned, but Bill's temper flared.

"Nice sportsmanship!" he snapped back. "How about a bet on the juvenile stakes next Saturday?"

"Ladyfinger is the favorite," Chloe warned him. "But if you insist on throwing your money away I'll take some of it."

"A thousand dollars of it?"

"Well, no," admitted Chloe. "I don't have that much money."

"Let's put it this way then," said Bill. "If you win, I pay you a thousand dollars. If I win, why—you walk out here and give me back that kiss you've been making so much fuss about."

"Don't be ridiculous!" flared the girl.

"Cold feet, eh?"

"It's a bet," said Chloe coldly.

"That was a silly bet," Bill's trainer warned him. "That Ladyfinger is a sweet little filly, and Pluto's gone cold on us. He's pining for that goat."

"Where is this fool goat?" snapped Bill.



"Gosh!" exclaimed Bill as he got his breath. "I believe you meant that"

"Out at the Cathaway farm," answered the trainer. "There ain't nobody stays there but an old colored caretaker. It'd be a cinch to steal him."

"Tonight," said Bill, "we'll get him."

One of the stable boys invited the old caretaker into town, and Bill and the trainer went after the mascot. It was no trouble locating the goat, but getting him into the car was something else. "We'll tie him," suggested the trainer, and he made a lunge for Pancho. He missed, and ended up horizontally with the goat standing stiff-legged on his stomach. Bill rushed to the rescue and also ended up on the ground.

"You boys having a nice time?" called a voice, sweetly. It was Chloe, who had just driven up. "I could have you arrested," she continued, "but I guess you've been punished enough."

The two men limped back to their car and drove silently into town. "That girl can't beat us," Bill finally exclaimed. He thought a minute. "Say, a goat that looked like Pancho might fool Pluto."

They got a goat that was Pancho's double, but it didn't fool Pluto, who kicked him out of the stall.

"You might as well scratch him," said the trainer wearily.

"No," Bill declared. "A bet's a bet. Let me think. I have it!" he exclaimed. "The goat doesn't fool Pluto, but I bet it'll fool anyone else."

"So what?"

"I'll go over and try to buy the goat from Miss Cathaway," explained Bill. "Of course she won't sell. But while I'm keeping her busy you slip out to the farm and exchange the goats. Pluto will be happy and no one else will know the difference."

"Swell," commented the trainer ruefully. "But who's going to help me?"

"That's your problem," said Bill.

When he arrived at the Cathaway stable Chloe and Jim Barber were just climbing into Jim's car.

"Hello," called Chloe. "Want to see me?"

"It's not important," replied Bill. "I just wondered if you'd changed your mind about selling the goat?"

"That's funny," said Chloe. "We were just driving out to the farm to look at Pancho."

"Don't let me detain you," bluffed Bill.

"Oh, if you're here," laughed Chloe, "I guess he's safe. Let's go into the house and play some bridge."

"Fine!" exclaimed Bill, although he detested the game. It was hard to keep his mind on it, too, with pictures of that goat killing his trainer floating through his mind. But when he finally got back to his own stable he found the trainer asleep on his cot.

"How'd you make out?" asked Bill, shaking his shoulder.

"Nothing to it," mumbled the trainer. "I put Pluto in the horse-van and took him along. When I got to the farm I let down the rear gate. Pluto whinnied and Pancho walked into the van like a lamb."

Saturday afternoon the track was heavy. Bill was putting his faith in Willard again. "But leave that whip alone," he commanded.

"Get out in front and stay there," Chloe told Cummings, her jockey. "The distance is a little long for Ladyfinger with this track, but you simply have to hold her together. And you," continued Chloe, patting Ladyfinger's sleek neck, "get out there and run. I've got a kiss bet right on your nose."

The horses were at the post when Bill strode into Chloe's box and grasped her arm. "You can't marry Jim Barber," he said hoarsely. "I've just discovered that he has a wife and three kids."

"Who said anything about marrying Jim?" asked Chloe sweetly.

"Why, he said he was engaged to you."

"As a trainer," answered Chloe. "Why? Does it make any difference to you?"

"No," snorted Bill, as a shout from the stand told that the horses were off.

The start was perfect. Ladyfinger got off in front and led by half a length the first time past the stand. At the half she had run Pluto into the ground, but he still stuck doggedly at his job. At the end of a mile Ladyfinger still held an advantage, but Cummings felt her stagger.

The boy knew at once his horse was done, and that he'd have to win on wit alone. He'd pull out from the rail and then, as Willard tried to shoot Pluto through, he'd close up the hole, throwing the big horse off his stride.

It was a grand idea, but what Cummings didn't know was that Willard was still holding Pluto back. Ladyfinger swung out. There was a flash of red and Pluto leaped through the opening before Cummings had a chance to close the hole.

Bill was proudly holding his bridle and they were placing the floral horseshoe when Chloe walked out in front of the stand.

"Forget it," ordered Bill, out of the corner of his mouth.

"No Cathaway ever welshed on a bet yet," declared the girl. And putting her arms around Bill's neck she pulled his face down to hers.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Bill, when he got his breath. "I believe you meant that one."

"I believe I did," admitted Chloe.

"That puts me on the spot," said Bill. "I cheated a little. I switched goats on you."

"What!" said Chloe. "You—"

"What's going on here?" demanded Judge Allison, waddling out of the stand. "It looks like collusion between owners."

"It's nothing," said Chloe, linking her arm through Bill's. "This big Yankee just has my goat."

AS YOU WERE, MEN

They Were Rough, Tough Days, But You'll Never Forget Them

By Wallgren

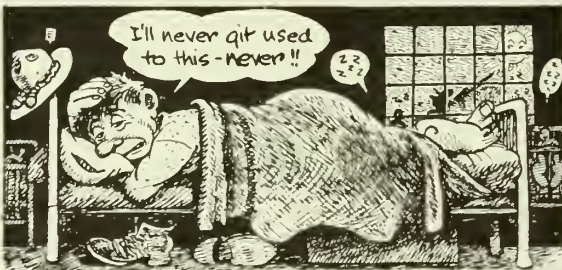
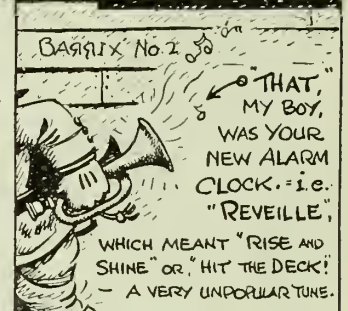
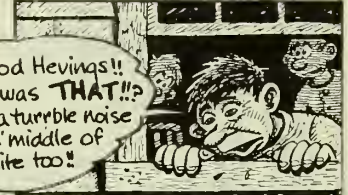
ON APRIL 6TH, 1917, THE U.S. ENTERED "THE WORLD WAR." SHORTLY AFTER, YOU BECAME A MILITARY PERSON THEN BEGAN THE GREAT ADVENTURE—REMEMBER?



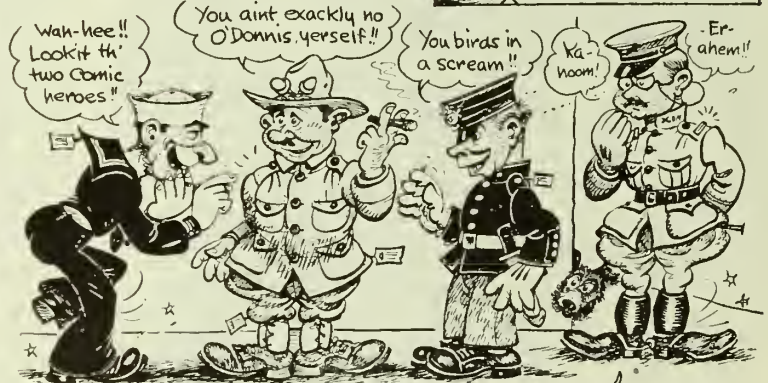
- HOW POPULAR THESE PLACES BECAME ALL OF A SUDDEN LIKE - SOME RUSHING TO GET IN- AND SOME RUSHING TO KEEP OUT.



DON'T YOU WISH YOU COULD PASS A "PHYSICAL" TODAY AS WELL AS YOU DID THEN? AH, WOTTA PHYSIQUE!! AND HOW THEY DID DEVELOP IT FOR YOU—UNTIL—



- YOUR FIRST NIGHT ON AN ARMY BUNK—OR, MAYBE IT WAS A NAVY HAMMOCK?—AND YOU WERE RIGHT— YOU NEVER DID GET QUITE USED TO IT—THEY WOULDN'T LET YOU!! BUT, MY, HOW GOOD IT FELT AFTER A HARD DAY OF DRILL!!

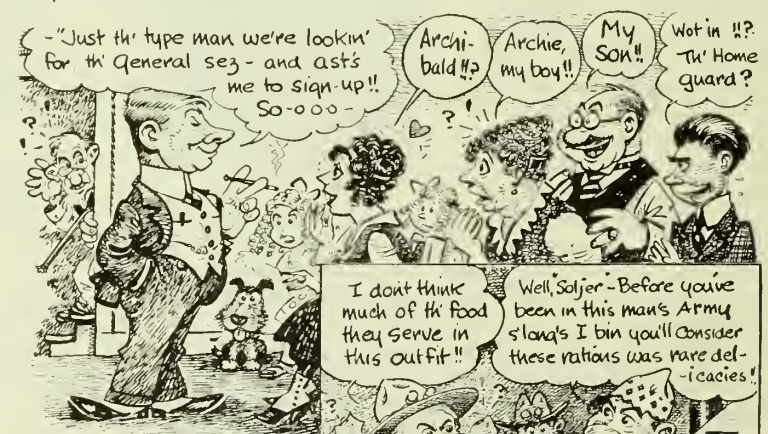


- THOSE EARLY DAYS WHEN UNIFORMS JUST STARTED TO BECOME FASHIONABLE?—AND YOU WERE SO PROUD OF THE "ISSUE" YOU WORE (AND STILL ARE) BUT, NOT NEARLY SO PROUD AS THE FIRST—OR RATHER—

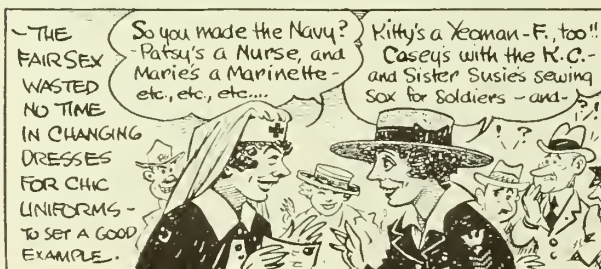
"2ND LOOIES" - AND THE SALUTES THEY RATED - AND INSISTED ON.



- YOUR FIRST "BAWLING OUT?"—AND HOW DISILLUSIONED YOU WERE - AT FIRST—UNTIL YOU LEARNED "HOW TO TAKE IT"—AND TO "HAND IT OUT"—WHICH YOU STILL CAN, TODAY.

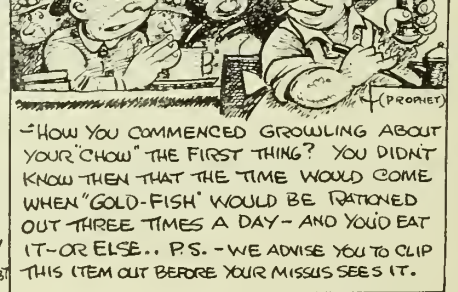


I don't think much of th' food they serve in this outfit!! Well, Soljer—Before you've been in this man's Army s'long I bin you'll consider these rations was rare delicacies!



- THE FAIR SEX WASTED NO TIME IN CHANGING DRESSES FOR CHIC UNIFORMS - TO SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.

- THE BIG THRILL YOU HANDED THE FAMILY, AND YOUR "BEST GIRL" - NOT TO MENTION YOURSELF - WHEN YOU BROKE THE TREMENDOUS NEWS THAT YOU HAD ACTUALLY ENLISTED? (SOME OF US WERE EVEN SURPRISED OURSELF.)



★ EDITORIAL ★

IN PEACE AS IN WAR

APRIL 6, 1917, was an epochal date not only to those men and women who would one day be members of The American Legion, but to all Americans. As we joined forces with the Allies, they hailed us as saviors of civilization—the reservoir of our manpower was a modern wonder of the world and would more than offset the loss of the Russian hordes. We at first believed—indeed were assured—that that reservoir need not be tapped. Just send a regiment or two of Regulars to show the flag in France, keep munitions and foodstuffs flowing, and the war would soon be over. This from major military prophets of the Allies, with the enemy hardly more than a day's forced march from Paris, so securely rooted that it looked as if he never would be driven from French soil, and with the new submarine campaign striking terror into the hearts of merchantmen. Fortunately we did not altogether accept this honeyed assurance, and proceeded to expand our Army and Navy quite prodigiously.

How utterly tragic was the situation which, we soon saw, confronted us as a nation at war! A pitifully small Regular Army scattered over the vast reaches of the continental United States and our overseas dependencies; a tiny group of trained officers. A vast potential power—no immediate power. Read in this issue of the Monthly, Colonel House's statement that the seemingly crushing expense of a plan for short-period compulsory military training in this country caused Woodrow Wilson to reject it, and Colonel House's considered belief that such a system would have saved us lives as well as a vast amount of treasure. The going had been tough for the Allies, and it got tougher. But they held on. Not until St. Mihiel, more than seventeen months after we declared war, did America throw against the enemy a force commensurate with her resources. There followed nearly sixty days of knock-down-drag-out fighting—and then the Armistice. But those seventeen months! They furnished a profound lesson in the matter of preparedness to the 4,790,000 in the American uniform. It must never happen again. America must be ready.

IN LATE January, 1937, the Ohio River rose to heights never before attained in recorded history. From Pittsburgh on down through West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois it sent people scurrying for high ground, their homes and all their belongings in many cases swept away or made useless. Members of The American Legion, operating as individuals or as Posts or even as full Departments, jumped into the breach and rescued the victims, clothed and fed them and gave them medical

attention, co-operated with radio stations and newspapers in establishing whereabouts of missing persons—did all those things that had to be done quickly if they were to be done at all.

Something of the detail of what Legionnaires, Auxiliaries and Forty and Eighters did in this great crisis has been told in the February issue of *The National Legionnaire*. The Ohio, fed toward the end of its course by the swollen Tennessee and Cumberland, boiled into the Mississippi, bringing hell and high water to southeastern Missouri and to Tennessee and Arkansas. Here again the great Legion family was on top of the job from the start and kept at it earnestly and intelligently as the Red Cross, acting for the nation, took over the work of consolidating efforts of local agencies, and of rehabilitating refugees. Some four hundred men, women and children lost their lives in the flood area and perhaps a million persons will need help in re-establishing their homes.

The Legion's work for the flood victims is a sermon in preparedness. Disaster relief corps of the Legion have been in operation for more than a dozen years and have proved their solid worth. The National Americanism Commission's 1937 edition of its how-to-help booklet, "The American Legion in Time of Disaster," reached Posts some two weeks before the flood and formed in community after community the bible of effective action.

THE million people whom the flood ruthlessly dispossessed have by now gone back to their former places of abode—or to places where those abodes were. In rehabilitating themselves they will have the full co-operation of every element of our population. In such matters there can be no North, no South, no East, no West. Yesterday was the day of terror in the river valleys, the day before it was in the Dust Bowl of the West. Tomorrow? Who knows?

Meantime the matter of flood control is a long-range national problem and must be attacked nationally. Congress and the President may be counted on to start the ball rolling with appropriations. As to methods, the Army's engineers and civilian technicians of the Government will chart the way.

Yet again our salvation lies in preparedness! And one thing is certain: The American people will meet this menace in a realistic fashion and will conquer it. Residents of proud old river communities are not going to abandon homeland hallowed by tradition and strong in the strength of achievement. There will be no retreat to the hills. The rivers will be harnessed so that their swollen waters will work for us rather than destroy us.

A WORLD *Safe for Mothers*

BY DR. SAM A. LOVEMAN

THERE isn't any reason why we should close our eyes and stop our ears and say, "There isn't any problem," because there is—a serious problem which does not need to be a problem at all.

This is not the Mad Hatter talking to Alice in Wonderland; it is a solid fact which faces us here in America. It is the tragic fact that two out of every three mothers who die in childbirth do not need to die!

That nearly 15,000 mothers died in childbirth last year is not a complete description of the scope and size of the problem. At the same time over 30,000 babies died within twenty-four hours after they were born; 40,000 more before they were one month old; not counting the thousands of still-births. Your pencil will quickly tell you that the price in human lives we in the United States are paying for motherhood is in the neighborhood of 85,000 mothers and babies every year.

Now, before we go further, let us say that many of those 85,000 deaths were unavoidable. They were beyond the help of science. But thousands upon thousands of babies and added thousands of mothers did not need to die. Medical knowledge knew how to cope with their problems. Hospitals were equipped to care for them. Nurses were available to aid them, but they died—and left families destitute as well as heart-broken.

Why did they die? The Maternity Center Association of New York states that it all starts with ignorance and runs in a vicious circle. "Mothers die in childbirth because they have care which is inadequate to make maternity safe. They do not seek good care because *they do not know that they should have it*. They say to themselves, 'Babies have been born since prehistoric times; why all this fuss at this late date.' They take for granted that because maternity is a natural bodily function it should be normal. *But that is not so*. There are often abnormalities and complications, especially among civilized women.

"Some mothers who know that they should have good care do not know how to choose a doctor, nurse and hospital. Because mothers and fathers do not know, they let nature take its course. This apathy of the individual and family is reflected in the lack of public interest and public provision for good maternity care. The lack of demand by patients and communities is likewise reflected in the insufficient training of doctors and nurses in the care of maternity patients. Thus the vicious circle runs round and round and comes out nowhere."

The tragic truth about these deaths caused by ignorance is akin to the situation in John Greenleaf Whittier's "Maud Muller":

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

If those thousands of mothers and fathers had only known, *it might have been* that today the problems which have arisen in these childless families would not exist. Where a motherless

child has become a court charge; where ill health has come to children because of a lack of a mother's care; where other family problems have arisen, might today be the spontaneous joy that comes from happy, wholesome family life.

The American Legion may well be proud that it was one of the first national organizations of lay people to recognize this problem and to work to make maternity safe. On the suggestion of Milt D. Campbell, former National Child Welfare Chairman, the 1934 National Convention at Miami adopted a resolution urging each Post and Unit to hold on or near Mother's Day a special joint meeting on maternity care, stressing the need for decisive community action to provide every mother with the care she needs. This resolution was followed through by Judge Wilbur M. Alter in 1935 and Roland B. Howell, in 1936, as each became Child Welfare Chairman, and the resolution was reaffirmed at the National Conventions in St. Louis and Cleveland. This year Mother's Day is to be observed on Sunday, May 9th. Posts are observing it with a program at their meeting just prior to that date. Mrs. Maurice Barr, of Princeton, Indiana, National Vice-Chairman of the Auxiliary's National Child Welfare Committee, is Chairman of the Mother's Day sub-committee of our National Child Welfare Executive Committee, the other members of this sub-committee being Beryl R. Johnson of Topeka, Kansas, and myself.

TO DISPEL ignorance and to awaken an apathetic public is an age-old problem. In this task of saving mothers' lives in childbirth we find that many a scientist has been lampooned and ignored by the cliques and the general public when he was actually disproving some old and moss-grown theory. Semmelweiss in Vienna, for instance, discovered that the dread childbed fever was frequently caused by the doctors themselves who went unwashed from the autopsy room to the bedside of mothers in labor. He urged that each physician dip his hands in an antiseptic solution before he examined an expectant mother. His confreres laughed at him. That was just ninety years ago.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the great American author and doctor, championed Semmelweiss's theory and proved, as he said, that "the disease known as puerperal fever is so easily contagious as to be frequently carried from patient to patient by physician and nurse." For ten years he was attacked by professors of obstetrics in the leading medical schools, but the indomitable doctor fought it out bravely to save the lives of mothers who were dying needlessly of this scourge. He said after one particularly bitter attack, "If I am wrong, let me be put down by such a rebuke as no rash disclaimer has received since there has been a public opinion in America; if I am right, let doctrines which lead to professional homicide be no longer taught."

Just as Holmes and Semmelweiss and many others have fought to increase the medical knowledge about obstetrics and to provide weapons which save mothers' lives in childbirth, so must others



PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK STAR

Every mother is entitled to the best of care before, during and after her child's birth. Such care would save most of the 85,000 mothers and babies who die yearly in this country in the process of child bearing

take up the task of passing their knowledge on to the community at large. For mothers cannot be protected unless they know that their risks can be reduced by good care early in pregnancy. They cannot know unless informed citizens are willing to help broadcast that message.

Many mothers in modern America still cling to their superstitions and folk ways about maternity. They place their faith in the customs they have inherited from a less scientific and more superstitious age when it was believed that diseases of pregnancy were the visitations of God because of sin. In America's pioneer days, mothers suffered mental anguish during pregnancy

wondering if they had chosen the right time of the moon for marriage or if the sign of the zodiac was right.

Strangely enough there are places in our land today where mothers still undergo unnecessary uncertainty and fears during their critical nine months of pregnancy. Dr. Porter Brown, in his book, *The Pregnant Woman*, declared: "When one of these unfortunate women finds herself a pregnant mother, she is soon showered with suggestions, misinformation, warnings, and admonitions of various types. These cloud every second of her life and involve her food, her clothing, her physical activities and even her position when asleep." (Continued on page 50)

Your FLAG and

YOUR flag and my flag and how it flies today, in your land and my land and half a world away! But it flies a little higher and a little prouder in Michigan today than ever before, all because the Legion took it upon itself to see that a new flag of proper dimensions was placed in every rural schoolroom in the State. The Legion reached that objective in one big, concerted movement, after long months of preparation, in what was perhaps the most widespread program of flag education and flag distribution ever attempted by any organization. Result: Seven thousand, six hundred and seventy flags placed in a few more than five thousand, seven hundred schools, with appropriate presentation ceremonies participated in by more than sixteen thousand members of The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary, and Boy Scouts. Copies of the American Legion Flag Code were presented to each school room with the flag.

The flag presentation idea had its inception in a meeting of the Department Americanism Committee in the fall of 1935. The idea was carried to the Department Conference of Post Officers, where it was approved and took definite form as the Rural School Flag Program, the major objective for 1936. An extra appropriation was secured from the Department Finance Committee, and the program was put under way in December, 1935. Les Kefgen, who had just retired as Michigan's member of the National Executive Committee, had been called to head the Americanism Committee, and it was on his committee that the success of the program depended. Director Kefgen, in turn, named Everett DeRyke, Chairman of the sub-committee on Community Service, to take active charge of the plans for manufacturing the flags and for making distribution to the schools.

The Legion plans were worked out almost to the last letter before being laid before the school officials and governmental agencies. Dr. Eugene Elliott, Superintendent of Public Instruction for Michigan, was found to be thoroughly in accord with the Rural School Flag Program; there now remained only the minor details of securing the materials, establishing a manufacturing center, enlisting the necessary labor to make up the six thousand flags then thought to be sufficient to fill the needs, and to work out plans of distribution.

Through Department Commander Dave Addy, Les Kefgen, Everett DeRyke and other members of the Americanism Committee the active interest of Miss Catherine Murray, director of the Women's and Professional Projects of the Michigan Works Progress Administration, was enlisted, and it was through this interest that the project was put under way and carried out. The Michigan Legion gives all credit to Miss Murray.

A workroom was established at Grand Rapids, where it was found that a great amount of unemployment existed. Sewing machines and a die-cutter were installed—subsequently the die-cutter failed and the 384,000 stars had to be cut out by hand. The material was secured and, after repeated efforts, dyed the proper colors. Other problems of the most discouraging sort faced the committee from time to time. Supervision of the project was placed in the hands of Mrs. Marjorie Kerwin,

MICHIGAN has an American Flag in every rural school room placed there by The American Legion, in an Americanism program that covered the Wolverine State like a blanket, filling three objectives—employment, flag education and instilling love of country in school children

while to Mrs. Annice Starr, of Grand Rapids, was entrusted the difficult task of organizing and directing the production. Aside from the patriotic character of the program, the actual manufacture of the flags furnished steady employment for between 130 and 140 women for more than ten months. With the resignations and replacements, the turn-over experienced in any normal business, nearly two hundred women had a part in making the flags that now have a place of honor in the rural school rooms of the State.

Late in the summer the work was completed, and nearly eight thousand flags were wrapped and stored in a warehouse in Grand Rapids awaiting the zero hour. The date for making the distribution had been fixed to coincide with the observance of American



MICHIGAN'S



The workroom at Grand Rapids where nearly eight thousand flags were manufactured and made ready for distribution to the rural schools. At left, a Dearborn teacher and pupil displaying the flag left in their schoolroom by the Legion party

Education Week, which is sponsored jointly by The American Legion and the National Education Association. Contacts were made with the Posts in the eighty-three counties, and all preliminary arrangements made. Michigan is not an easy State to cover. It is irregular in outline, and is divided into two parts by Lake Michigan. There were distant rural communities in which no Legion Post existed. Some counties did not order a sufficient number to care for all the schools. Other problems and perplexities arose. But every difficulty had been met before the zero hour. On the day appointed, not one of the eighty-three counties failed in the effort. The State was covered like a blanket. Every rural school was visited and the flags delivered.

This observance of American Education Week went even further. Through co-operation with the State Department of Public Instruction a flag study course was conducted in all schools during the entire week. On the first day, the children were taught the story of the making of the first flag; the second day was devoted to the history of the flag and its place in the development of the American democracy; the third day the children were taught correct flag usages; the fourth day each pupil learned the pledge of allegiance, and on the fifth day the Legion party visited the schools, presented the flag and became acquainted with teachers and pupils. It was something more than a patriotic gesture. It was an educational program.

Seven thousand, six hundred and seventy flags were thus distributed to a few more than five thousand, seven hundred schools. Your flag and my flag—and Michigan's.

Parade of Living Dead

TO THE somber beat of muffled drums, marching at slow, funeral step, 1,042 Legionnaires, members of the Auxiliary and Sons of the Legion brought to Los Angeles in a startling, realistic manner the terrible toll taken in traffic accidents on the streets of that city. A death parade—silent, terrible demonstration to bring to public realization that last year the auto juggernaut crushed, maimed and fatally injured 1,042 men, women and children in Los Angeles County in traffic accidents. Perhaps it was the strangest parade ever participated in by members of The American Legion, and one of the most impressive.

The parade of death, conceived and sponsored by Hollywood Post, and participated in by nearly all the posts in Los Angeles County, was headed by a float carrying an immense sign: "These Legionnaires represent 1,042 deaths due to traffic accidents in 1936. Stop! Think! What will you do in 1937? In peace as in war, we serve. American Legion."

Members of Hollywood Post, led by Commander William Ellenbeck, had the post of honor in the





Eighteen Past Commanders

THE Legion is getting along in years. This is apparent in more visible forms than in frosted temples and expanding girths. For instance, there is the roll of Past Commanders in Posts in every Department as another evidence of the lengthening years—each Past Commander marking a milestone in the history of the Post, a mile just one year long. Granting that each Commander served out his full term, the Post organized in the summer or fall of 1919 now has a corps of eighteen of these elder statesmen.

The work of a Commander is not completed when he finishes his year and turns the gavel over to his successor. He becomes a Past Commander, charged with the same obligation to render service to his Post and his comrades that he was when they ele-

van of the marching column, followed by John Home, Los Angeles County Commander, and Cliff Goedike, Twenty-fourth District Commander, heading other units. The group of men represented 682 men killed during 1936, and the 216 members of the Auxiliary in this parade of the living dead represented a like number of women done to death. Tears sprang to the eyes of many spectators when 144 Sons of The American Legion passed by, representing an equal number of young lives sacrificed in Los Angeles in 1936 to mad haste and, in many instances, to disregard of common-sense traffic regulations.

The march of tragedy had a profound effect, as thousands lined the sidewalks and watched from points of vantage. The bustle and excitement of a great city became strangely silent as the Legion group moved along. The traffic accident toll was demonstrated in a most effective way. The press of Los Angeles was especially complimentary to the Legion, and to Hollywood Post in particular, for this very moving contribution to safety and to preservation of life and limb on city streets.

The Legion marchers represented only the dead in Los Angeles city and county. No attempt was made to portray the injured. In the city of Los Angeles alone in the year 1936 exactly 16,002 persons were injured in some degree by automobiles, as compared with 15,005 in 1935. But why go on reciting statistics? The Legion, by means of its educational campaigns and its safety committees, is grappling with this awful problem of Death on Wheels—and no service to community, State and nation can be higher than that of saving life by making our highways safe.

The American Legion, a group of men young enough to be full of energy and old enough to have judgment and influence, extending as it does into every section of the country, helped by wives and sisters in the Auxiliary, is an ideal body to deal effectively with this problem.



The march of the living dead staged by Los Angeles Legionnaires—1,042 sacrificed to speed and carelessness in 1936

vated him to office. And, to the credit of the vast majority, be it said they resume their places on the floor and continue to carry on as working Legionnaires.

In many Posts social organizations of Past Commanders have been formed, such as the Order of the Morgue by the Pasts of Babylon Post at Babylon, New York; the King Tuts of Minnesota, and the Old Cocks of Idaho, with occasional feeds and a lot of genial goodfellowship. Out at Bloomington, Illinois, Louis E. Davis Post is proud of its eighteen Past Commanders—all living, all members of the Post, and all active in Legion work. No doubt there are many others among the 11,360 Posts of the Legion who have a similar record; this Step-Keeper is not going to stick his neck out by claiming a record



The eighteen Past Commanders of Louis E. Davis Post of Bloomington, Illinois—no breaks in the rank, and all active in the Post



Part of the Legion band tooting for King Boreas in his realm of ice at the St. Paul Winter Carnival, with instruments covered to keep the music from freezing. Below, one of the many fine works of art on display at the Carnival, sculptured from snow

for this particular Post. But it is unusual that of the eighteen men who have served Louis E. Davis Post as Commander the ranks remain filled and there has been no vacancy caused by death, removal, or withdrawal from active service.

Bloomington is the home of the Department Headquarters of the Illinois Legion, and Legion life in that big brother Department revolves around and is directed from that city. The Post and Department Headquarters jointly occupy the very fine McBarnes Memorial Hall in the heart of the city where splendid club facilities are afforded. Long outstanding for community service and civic accomplishment, this Post, in addition to its other activities, each year serves as host to the Legionnaires from all parts of Illinois and surrounding Departments who gather at the headquarters city for the Conference of Post Commanders and Adjutants, therefore the Post and its Commanders are rather better than well known. In the photograph published in another column—something of a departure from our custom in the use of group pictures—the Past Commanders of Louis E. Davis Post are seated in the order of their incumbency, left to right, starting in the front row: Charles P. Kane, attorney; Dr. Harry Howell; Thomas F. Harwood, lumber dealer; Oscar Hoose, attorney; Kaywin Kennedy, attorney; L. Earl Bach, attorney; second row, E. A. Donnelly, attorney; Charles Havens, furniture dealer; J. B. Murphy, attorney, who is the immediate Past Department Commander of Illinois; Lee Sherrill, automobile



dealer; Richard O'Connell, attorney; E. L. Hiser, insurance; third row, Herbert Livingston, attorney; Jake Ward, Smokehouse; Harry Dennis, railroad engineer; Clarence Jacobssen, undertaker; Floyd Thompson, superintendent of mails; and Isadore Farian, printing supplies.

Legion Serves King Boreas

THE American Legion has served a king! It was, however, a king of their own making, and for eight days in early February the men who fought to make the world safe for democracy paid homage to a merry monarch, King Boreas III, during his reign over the St. Paul, Minnesota, Winter Carnival. This event climaxed the winter sport season in the Northwest with pageantry, parades, fireworks, music, athletic tournaments, dancing and gayety. In contrast to the somber clothes of winter, bright carnival suits, parkas and ski togs in red, green, orange, blue, in every hue and stripe enlivened the scene.

The Fourth District organization of the Minnesota Legion, which includes the city of St. Paul, strutted its stuff. The Legion committee, under the chairmanship of Gustav C. Axelrod, was most active in the promotion of the winter carnival and in putting across the greatest event of its kind the Northwest has ever seen. Legion drum and bugle corps from Posts in every section of the Department of Minnesota trooped in to add to the color and to the carnival spirit of the Northern Mardi Gras. With these corps came members of the Posts, their

(Continued on page 62)



Hello BROADWAY- Good-bye FRANCE

CERTAINLY every one of the Then and Now Gang will remember the war ditties that kept spirits up and feet moving when America was marching to war in 1917 and 1918. Next in popularity to George M. Cohan's "Over There," we would suggest "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," and we liked that song particularly because it was so easily adapted for after-the-Armistice use. The war seemed to breed soldier poets and lyricists and parodists in unexpected places and this song was a natural for the parodists as all they had to do was to transpose the hail and farewell in the title line and substitute a few words in the rest of the chorus.

We have a hunch that more than one of the scores of Legion bands and drum corps and of the lesser number of Legion glee clubs and choruses that help to entertain the hundreds of thousands of veterans and their families at the Legion National Convention in New York City next September will use that tune and probably have some new trick lyrics in which the names of their home towns figure. There's a gratuitous tip for musical directors.

These thoughts came when we looked at the snapshot sent to us by Legionnaire Fred L. Horn of 62 West Lincolnway, Valparaiso, Indiana—the snapshot that decorates this page. Ten to one, somewhere along the line of march to the transport on which the soldiers are loading for the journey home, this outfit sang "Hello Broadway, Good-bye France," even though they may have landed in Newport News or Boston or some port other than that of New York City. The reason we are doubtful about their port of entry is because Comrade Horn doesn't know what outfit it is, on what transport it sailed or just when it returned home—nor do we. We hope to find out, though. Horn's letter to us, which follows, gives some clue:

"Enclosed you will find a snapshot taken in February, 1919, at Pauillac, France, one of our Naval Aviation Bases. I cannot identify the outfit or tell you the name of the transport because the print was handed to me one day while I was on the docks, by a fellow soldier who asked if I would like to have it. That was the first time I saw this man and I never saw him again—he didn't stop long enough for me to ask him about the snapshot.

"Pauillac was my last station in France and I reached it in a round-about way. I enlisted in the Air Service at Gary, Indiana, February 8, 1918, was sent to Kelly Field at San Antonio, Texas, and served with the 324th Aero Squadron as a military fireman until transferred to Camp



In February, 1919, these doughboys were checking onto a transport at Pauillac on the Gironde River above Bordeaux for the journey home. What outfit, buddy?

Wise, a balloon school. I was assigned to the 35th Balloon Company, with which I trained for about five months before going with it to Newport News, Virginia, and thence to the A. E. F.

"We landed in Brest, France, November 5, 1918, and were sent to Clermont, near Puy-de-Dome, at the foot of the Auvergne

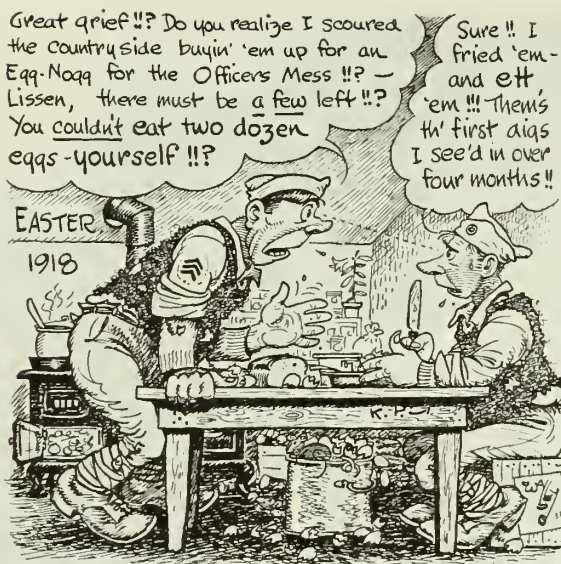
Mountains. I helped fly a balloon there on an artillery range for about three weeks. We left Clermont for Bordeaux, being billeted in a village on the outskirts of that port and then hiked to Pauillac, the Naval Aviation Base on the Gironde River, where we remained until we sailed for home on the S. S. *Otsego*, reaching this country on April 18, 1919.

"Our actual balloon service had ended apparently while in Pauillac, because I remember one of our jobs there was to unload lumber from flat cars. While stationed there, however, we did have the honor of being reviewed by General Pershing. I would like very much to hear from some of the veterans of the 34th, 35th and 36th Balloon Companies. Wonder if any fellow Legionnaires will be able to help us identify the picture I enclose?"

EVEN though we did our wartime hitch in the Army and even though we modestly admit that the Army won the war, we have to be honest and confess that the gobs had a way with them when it came to fair femininity. Doughboys in camps near ports used by the Navy had to be on the alert when the call went around: "The fleet's in!" Of course, there is a certain lure to the sea and everyone will admit that dress uniforms of the gobs were mighty picturesque when compared to the O. D. of the doughboy. That's our viewpoint, anyway.

Perhaps we shouldn't hold a grudge this long and perhaps it's a dirty trick on the gobs, but we hope some of the maidens of the war days will get a squint at the picture shown on this page. It shows that being in port didn't always mean Shore Leave and that the sailors could get dolled up in dress blues or dress whites to charm the local girls. But as long as an ex-gob sent us the picture, we feel safe in using it. Max A. Krempasky—"Kid Ski"

They joined the Navy to see the sea, but here they are at New London, Connecticut, coaling their ship, the U. S. S. *Remlik*



to his fellow gobs—a member of Walter Weller Post in Toledo, Ohio, is the man who is guilty of submitting this photograph of gobs in rather informal attire while coaling ship.

"I have noticed," writes Krempasky, "that you publish old war-time pictures in your department of the Monthly and so I am sending one that I hope you can use. It shows some of the crew of the U. S. S. *Remlik* while we were coaling ship at New London, Connecticut, in January, 1919, shortly after we had returned from overseas service. A great many of the fellows on the *Remlik* had also been on the U. S. S. *Panther* and also at the barracks (the 'U. S. S. *Carola*') at Brest, France, with me, and I am hoping they will see this picture

and my letter and that we can get together for a reunion at the time of the Legion National Convention in New York City next September 20th to 23d.

"I enlisted in Columbus, Ohio, early in the war, was sent to Norfolk, Virginia, and in July, 1917, was assigned to the U. S. S. *Panther* at Hampton Roads. We sailed for Charleston, South Carolina, and while there I remember a high-class restaurant had signs in its window that men in uniform were not allowed to enter. Evidently the owner hadn't developed a proper patriotic spirit and it was just too bad, as there were a lot of broken windows, etc., when we pulled out.

"From Charleston we headed for Ponta Delgada in the Azores and arrived shortly after a couple of U-boats had bombarded that port. An American supply ship, the *Arion* I think, helped drive them away. From there to Queenstown, Ireland, for a few days for the usual additional coal and stores, and then to Brest, France, our home port during the war.

"It seems that Uncle Sam was to send a lot of gobs over from home and as they had to provide some place to billet them about fifty of us were transferred to a nearby château, which we named Château Barracks, and there we had real work to do. We had to clean it out, paint it, put in bunks and make it shipshape. But it wasn't so bad, as we could go down town every evening.





Poland, out-of-bounds during war days, was the destination of these men of the Polish Typhus Relief Expedition, August, 1919. Here we see some of the detail when their train loaded with ambulances stopped in Germany, en route to Warsaw

Then a bunch of us was detailed to help erect what I think was the first Y hut in France. It was one of those prefabricated shacks, all ready to put together. We had to guard the lumber every night. I remember one morning when I went to stand the two to four watch, we found the man I was to relieve dead. He had been knifed. I wasn't scared—much!

"I was transferred to the U. S. S. *Remlik* shortly after we completed the Y hut, and went on patrol and convoy duty—at sea for five days, then in port for three days. Although I was overseas eighteen months, I didn't see a sub or any action. A couple of times we picked up survivors of ships that had been torpedoed. Certainly remember when the Armistice was signed—all night liberty—what a celebration—wine, women and song!

"We headed for home shortly afterwards. Hit an awful storm. Fifteen days to the Azores. Thence to Bermuda, a real paradise—swimming on Christmas Day, 1918. Thence to Norfolk and on to New London, where the enclosed picture was taken. A nice town and we had a good time there. Back to Norfolk, where we spent the summer, and I received my discharge in October, 1919.

"I have been in the Legion for more than sixteen years. Attended the National Convention in Cleveland last September and had a good time, but was disappointed because I failed to meet any of the old gang. That's why I hope we can get together in New York City this fall, and I wish veterans of the *Panther*, the *Carola* and the *Remlik*, would write to me at 1509 Detroit Avenue, Toledo, Ohio."

WE WONDER if we will ever round up all of the various and sundry outfits, special details and whatnot that comprised our military forces during the World War? Just when we think that every contingent has been heard from and introduced to our readers, another shows up. Not that we aren't happy to welcome them—the more the merrier. For instance, among the special groups have you ever heard of the Polish Typhus Relief Expedition? Well, Floyd R. Gilbert, Legionnaire of 306 West Magnolia Avenue, Wildwood, New Jersey, and ex-private of Mobile Hospital No. 5, is a veteran of that special detail and submits the snapshot reproduced on this page as Exhibit A. He tells us this in his letter:

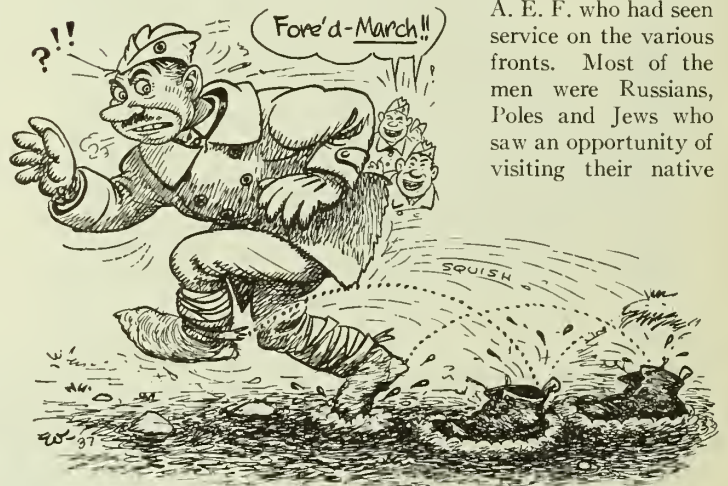
"The old Then and Now department, under its distinctive title, in the last Legion Monthly was quite interesting, but to the best of my recollection I do not believe I have ever seen any photos or data relative to the Polish Typhus Relief Expedition in the magazine.

"This post-Armistice organization was assembled in Brest, France, in August, 1919. The purpose of the expedition was the consummation of a sale to Poland of a large quantity of sanitary equipment and ambulances, its delivery to Poland and rudimentary instruction in its use.

The motor ambulances were selected from the acres of cars, etc., at Romorantin, driven from there through France and Luxembourg to Coblenz, Germany, and thence transported by railroad to Warsaw, Poland. The enclosed picture shows a trainload of ambulances somewhere in Germany, en route to Poland.

"From Warsaw, distribution was made throughout Poland—to Lubin, Kraków, Łódz and other towns. I went to Fort Zegrze (Zgierz?), about twenty-eight kilos from Warsaw, with one of the groups. Our C. O. generously gave us passes to visit Warsaw and we used one of the ambulances as a conveyance. Our contact with the Poles was pleasant in spite of the language handicap, which was almost insurmountable in contrast to the soldier-French which we had so painstakingly acquired.

"The expedition was composed principally of veterans of most all our Divisions in the A. E. F. who had seen service on the various fronts. Most of the men were Russians, Poles and Jews who saw an opportunity of visiting their native



land or that of their relatives. Some, like myself, whose prospects of getting aboard a transport and going home seemed dim, joined up in hopes of seeing more of Europe.

"Of the group, I want to mention particularly my buddy, David Samiran, who produced a most remarkable drawing of a Model-T Ford chassis, actual size, scaled from parts. When finished, this drawing hung in the expedition headquarters in Warsaw and was used in instructing Poles.

"The majority of the outfit stayed in Poland until November, 1919, or later. I came home with the first unit late in November, returning through Coblenz to Brest, where we took transport to Hoboken and were demobilized at Camp Dix, New Jersey.

"In the enclosed snapshot, Sergeant Schatz, now a doctor.

is the soldier standing at the extreme left, while David Samiran, whom I mentioned and who was a high-ranking non-com drawing flying pay, is at the right.

"Incidentally the chap who took and developed this snapshot with a number of others, and sent them to me, has never been paid for them as I cannot remember his name. So if he sees this picture in the Monthly, let him either speak or forever hold his peace."

EVERYONE wants to see New York City—those who got a glimpse of it during wartime and those who missed the opportunity; everyone wants to enjoy a Legion National Convention, and everyone would like to see again the men of his old outfit. The Legion National Convention will be held in New York City, September 20th to 23d. So it's a natural to make plans for a reunion of your outfit there and then.

The American Legion 1937 National Convention Corporation is all set to assist your outfit in securing a headquarters and in arranging for a luncheon, dinner or whatever other entertainment you may have in mind. Major General John F. O'Ryan has been appointed Reunions Chairman and it is requested that you report your reunion to him at the office of the Convention Corporation, Room 3028, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, and report it also to the Monthly so that announcements may be published in this column.

Special provision is being made to entertain women Legionnaires. A grand reunion banquet and entertainment for Legion women will be held on the first night of the convention, Monday, September 20th. Amy F. Patmore has been appointed Chairman of the Legion Women's Activities Committee of the National Convention Corporation, at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Miss Patmore is prepared to assist all Legion women's groups with convention plans.

Details of the following National Convention reunions in New York City may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

Soc. OF THE FIRST DIV.—Annual national convention and reunion. Details to be announced. Joseph V. McCabe, 111 Broadway, New York City.
4TH DIV. Assoc.—National reunion. Send name, address and stamped envelope to Carlton E. Dunn, gen. chmn., 8514-160th st., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., for details.

77TH Div. Assoc.—National reunion and open house at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Reunion dinner on Sept. 22d. Send name, address and outfit to Jack Kantor, chmn., reunion comm., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.—Herbert A. Hawarth, chmn., 117 Hillcrest av., Manhasset, L. I., N. Y. Write also to Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford Mass., for copy of bi-monthly News.

ENGINEERS (FORESTRY)—10th, 20th, 41st, 42d and 43d ENGRS., A. E. F. Proposed reunion and permanent organization at New York City convention. J. W. Tillotson, Elmsford, N. Y.

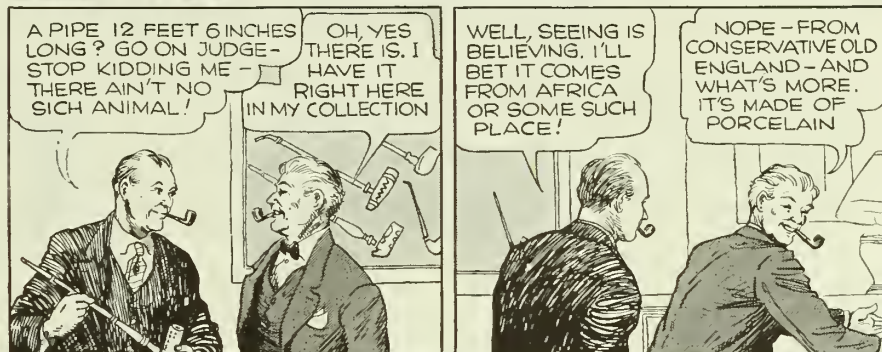
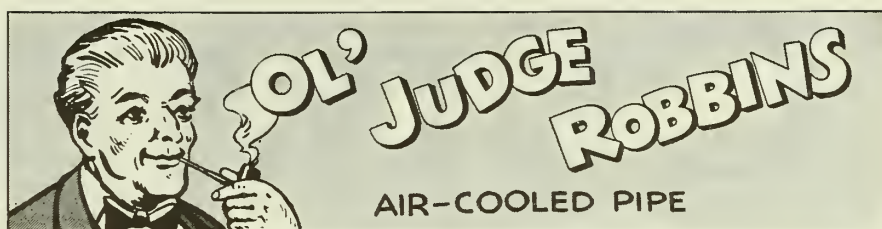
21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—F. G. Webster, secy-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS. Assoc.—Reunion with Metropolitan New York Group as host. Write to 23d Engrs. Assoc., Hotel Astor, New York City.

35TH ENGRS.—Reunion by mail and plans for New York convention reunion. Write to Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

39TH ENGRS.—13th annual reunion, New York City. Charles M. Karl, secy.-treas., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago, Ill.

42D ENGRS.—Reunion. Daniel J. Boyle, pres., Peabody, Mass.; Vic MacKenzie, secy., care of A. L. 1937 Natl. Conv. Corp., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Room 3028, New York City. (Continued on page 63)



SEE, THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN, STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. IT'S PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM "BITE"

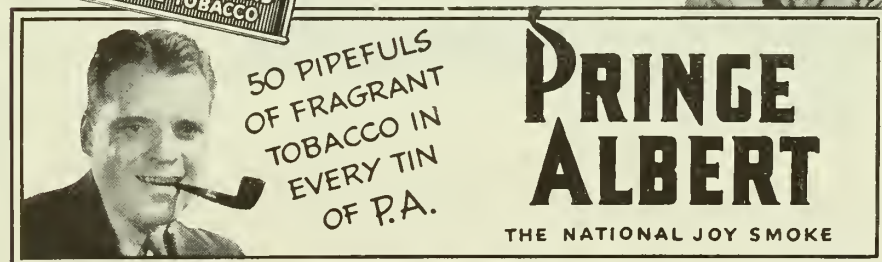


**PRINCE ALBERT
MONEY-BACK
GUARANTEE!**

**PRINCE ALBERT
IS SWELL
'MAKIN'S TOO!**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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OUTWITTING

By

KENNON DUNHAM, M.D.

Former President, National Tuberculosis Association

As told to A.K.B. HOLLINSHEAD

an

OLD

ENEMY

BILL ADAMS was stunned.

Not to go home with the rest! Not to march down the village streets with his buddies in khaki—those sunshiny streets he had seen so often in his mind's eye as he struggled through the thick mud of France! Not to burst through his picket gate and toss Junior high in the air and hold Mary tight in his arms!

Anxiously he looked up at the doctor who had just finished examining him. "You're quite sure?" he asked, hoping that



Even football players take the test to determine that they are not actively tubercular

somehow he had misunderstood the doctor's meaning, that things were not *that* bad.

"Quite."

Then Bill Adams showed the stuff he was made of.

"It's to be the Army Tuberculosis Sanatorium in New Haven, you say? Well—I guess I can take orders by now."

And instead of going home, Bill Adams and thousands of others from both the expeditionary and the home forces found beds in tuberculosis sanatoria at the close of the World War, and began a fight quite different from that waged with machine guns and bombing squads—a fight that has been fought by all the armies of the world and all the civilian populations as well since the dawn of history—by people of all ages and both sexes.

"BUT I look so well—and say, just feel these muscles." Service men, diagnosed as tubercular, told each other this back in 1919, just as many in civilian life do today when their doctors order them off to sanatoria for rest and curing.

No signs of trouble at all! That is the strange part of beginning tuberculosis. No symptoms present, and yet the tubercle bacilli may be lying dormant in one's body for a long time until something happens in the individual's life to break down that resistance which has been keeping the disease at bay. It may be unaccustomed exposure; it may be influenza or pneumonia; the enemy is at once in command of the situation and the tubercle bacilli are no longer dormant but begin eating the lung tissues.

Some, however, do have warning signals given them, and therefore it is well to know that these are a cough, unexplainable fatigue, loss of weight and indigestion. Any one of these signs should send a person to the doctor at once for a chest examination. It is true, of course, that they may not mean tuberculosis; nevertheless they do indicate a disturbance about which it is well to consult a physician.

Should the ailment be diagnosed as tuberculosis, he need not feel the dark despair of our ancestors who were sure—and had reason to be—that all was lost. Today in the field of medicine there are tactics just as good as any army's for outwitting this ancient enemy of man.

To be sure, it was not always so. Indeed, until the middle of the last century very little was actually known about tuberculosis, or "consumption," as our parents and grandparents called it.

People all over the world died of it by the millions yearly, from the days of Egypt's ancient Pharaohs right down to the threshold of the nineteen hundreds. Oddly enough they seemed to accept it as inevitable, and somehow they did not get so excited about it as they did about the bubonic plague, for example. Historians still talk of the terrible Black Death that raged one year in London, killing 50,000. And yet that very year at least 5,000,000 in the world died of tuberculosis.

Fortunately for us all, however, a German scientist, Dr. Robert Koch, *did* get excited about it and after long hours of weary searching finally discovered the cause of tuberculosis. He found it to be a microscopic organism only one-tenthousandth of an inch in length which he called the tubercle bacillus.

Then in 1885 Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau demonstrated to the world the value of *rest* as the great cure for this disease and he began building his famous cottage sanatorium at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks.

With the cause and the cure known, one important thing still remained to be done—the discovery of a means for detecting the actual presence of tuberculosis. And this was accomplished when Dr. Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen, a professor of mathematics and physics at Würzburg University in Bavaria, presented the world with the X-ray and its almost magic power to penetrate opaque objects.

Then the medical profession was ready to do battle—a battle that in many cases leads to certain victory today.

You recall that message sent back to England by Haig in the Spring of 1918 which has since become so famous: "We are fighting with our backs to the wall." Those same words might as appropriately have described our struggle against tuberculosis at the beginning of the twentieth century before those modern

methods in use today for combating the tubercle bacillus were generally employed—such methods as the X-ray about which we have spoken; the tuberculin test for detecting tuberculosis; pneumothorax treatment whereby the lung is collapsed by a simple operation to rest and cure it; and other surgical procedures.

At the close of the 1800's we were indeed fighting tuberculosis with our backs to the wall. In the United States alone 202 in every 100,000 were dying of the disease. What a different story today, when only 54 in every 100,000 are dying of it!

Nevertheless there is no occasion for singing any songs of victory while tuberculosis is still the leading cause of death for all between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. And, Legionnaires, listen to this fact which concerns you particularly. A study recently made shows tuberculosis to be the second highest cause of death for all employed men.

Any physician who has spent years in the front line of this fight will give you the answer at once. "Get the ear of the public," he will say. "Educate them about tuberculosis. Tell them what an insidious enemy it is. Tell them that they need to steal a march on the tubercle bacillus and catch him in the *beginning* of his maraudings. Tell them that rest is by far the most important factor for recovery. Tell them that all contacts with any suffering from tuberculosis must

be broken so that the sick cannot infect the well—for they must know that this is a disease that is passed down the line, relayed from man to man, a disease that recognizes no rank but strikes at generals as ruthlessly as at privates."

It was with real satisfaction that many of us read in a recent Bulletin of the National Tuberculosis Association that The American Legion and the Arizona Forty and Eight had presented the State of Arizona with a new healthmobile and trailer-laboratory for this fight against tuberculosis, the operation costs being guaranteed by the Children's Bureau. This co-operative gift makes possible a new mobile tuberculosis service traveling throughout the State of Arizona, studying beginning tuberculosis among children and finding contact cases in adults. Wherever the healthmobile goes, children are routinely tuberculin-tested and all positive reactors are subsequently X-rayed. Five thousand children have already had the advantage of this healthmobile service—children who are sure to grow up not only with stronger bodies, but with minds that understand considerably more about this old enemy, tuberculosis, than their forebears did.

And again Legionnaires will recall reading in the January issue of this magazine the story about the gift of a pneumothorax machine by General Gorgas Post of Birmingham, Alabama, to the clinic (Continued on page 41)



**"BANG! A BLOW-OUT!
WHILE DRIVING HER
DAUGHTER TO SCHOOL"**

Read GRAHAM McNAMEE'S Story of The Contest Between Grim Fate and A Mother With Her Eight-Year-Old Child

BANG! A single ear-splitting blast! Like the crack of a pistol. And it changed this peaceful school-day journey into a terrifying experience. Mrs. Gerstner of Queens Village, Long Island, sat vainly clutching the steering wheel frantically trying to stop the car. But it was definitely out of control. Like a maddened bull it charged across the road, and finally came to a screeching, scorching stop. There was no oncoming traffic at that moment, or there might have been another bitter tragedy in the making.

When it comes to building a tire that really saves motorists lives by providing them with protection against high speed blow-outs my hand goes to Goodrich engineers. They invented the Golden Ply and put it into every

Goodrich Silvertown Tire. This Golden Ply is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat*, which I understand, is the great, unseen cause of blow-outs. Let's all be careful about tires as well as driving! Remember, you can buy these life-saving Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere—and Silvertowns actually cost less than other super-quality tires.

Graham McNamee

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown
With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



THE races were over, according to Sam W. Reynolds of the National Finance Committee. The crowds were disappearing from the stands. A forlorn

looking man, his coat collar turned up, stood alone at the rail. An attendant walked over and asked:

"In trouble, pal?"

"In trouble?" the man whispered in a strained wheeze. "I'll say I am. I bet a hundred on the first race and won. I bet the two hundred on the second and won again. Then I socked the four hundred on the third race for another win. Again I doubled, placing the eight hundred on the fourth race—and won. I had sixteen hundred then and I bet it on the fifth race. I won. I doubled for sixty-four hundred on the sixth race. I then planked the whole kaboodle on the last race, and my horse ain't in yet."

"Golly, if I'd done a fool trick like that," said the attendant, "I would cut my throat."

Dramatically, the man pulled back the flaps of his upturned coat collar and gurgled:

"Look!"

ASHIPMENT of merchandise had just arrived at the general store. A big husky from the neighboring lumber camp was watching the unpacking.

"What's them things?" he asked, pointing to a package.

"Pajamas," replied the clerk.

"Pajamas? What's pajamas?"

"Night clothes. Want to buy a suit?"

"Hell, no!" said the lumberjack.

"I ain't no social rounder. When night comes I go to bed."

THE depression had hit Uncle Ben hard, and he was pouring out his tale of woe.

"Ah, cheer up!" said a friend. "There's no use to worry."

"How come dey ain't no use worryin'?" said the old man. "When de good Lawd send me tribulations, he done spec me to tribulate, ain't he?"



THE ossified gentleman was standing on a street corner muttering to himself.

"What's the matter?" asked an inquisitive policeman.

"See that little green dragon?" said the inebriated one, pointing to the curb. "He's been acting stubborn, and if he don't behave hisself, I'm going to take an aspirin and kill him."

DURING a discussion about standardized banquet menus, the story was recently recalled of an observation on the subject made by the late General John R. McQuigg when he was the Legion's National Commander.

Commander McQuigg was on a train passing through some dairy country. Turning to a Legionnaire accompanying him and pointing out the window to a herd of cattle, he said:

"Thank heaven, there are some filet mignons I won't have to eat."

AND there's the one Department Adjutant Jim Fisk of California tells about the petulant customer who was being served in a restaurant.

"Say, what do you call this?" he demanded of his waitress. "Is it beef or mutton?"

"Can't you tell the difference?" she asked.

"No, I can't!"

"Well, then," said the waitress, "why worry about it?"



THE lawyer for the defendant was waxing eloquent. Everyone hung on his words.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I ask you where could the prisoner have hidden the ring? The arresting officer has told you he searched the man. The ring was not in his pockets; not in his shoes—no, not in his clothes. Then where was it hidden?"

As he paused for the dramatic effect of his words, the prisoner spoke up.

"Please, boss, I put it in my hat."

BETTY JANE'S grandmother had been reading her the Bible story of creation.

"What do you think of it, dear?" the grandmother asked.

"Oh, I love it—it's so thrilling!" said Betty Jane. "You never know what God is going to do next."

TWO men had escaped from an asylum and wandered into an airport. Some mechanics were warming up a motor, and the men jumped in the plane and managed to take off. When they had reached an altitude of some two thousand feet, one became quite fidgety.

"I believe I'll jump out of here," he said. "I can't stand it any longer."

"O. K.," said his buddy. "But you'd better take a parachute."

"Why?"

"Don't be silly," was the reply. "Can't you see it's raining?"



PAST Department Commander V. M. Armstrong of Indiana is telling about a farmer's wife who was purchasing some medicine at the drug store

for her husband and also some lotion for their horse.

"Now, be sure to write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for the old man," she said. "I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before spring plowing."

COMRADE Johnnie Lee, of Omaha, writes about a bombastic motorist who was having an argument with the repair man at a garage.

"And what I say about my car goes—see?" he said.

The begrimed mechanic crawled out from under the car and said:

"O. K., mister! Now, for the Lord's sake say 'Engine'."

DURING the war the mother of a soldier called on her priest. The tears were streaming down the old lady's face.

"And what is the trouble?" asked the priest.

"Ah, father, it's bad news I have," she said. "Pat's been killed."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said the priest. "Did you get a message from the War Department?"

"No," she said, "I got the word from Pat himself."

"But I don't understand," said the priest. "How did you get word from Pat?"

"It's a fact," said the old woman. "Here's the letter—read it for yourself."

The letter read:

"Dear Mother: I am now in the Holy Land."



DR. F. L. ALLOWAY, Legionnaire of Kingsport, Tennessee, writes about the time two officers who had been in the line for several days were ordered to report to division headquarters.

Their uniforms were dirty and torn, they needed a bath. On their way into headquarters a sentry reluctantly gave them a salute. Entering, they encountered an immaculately dressed young adjutant.

"Come in!" he said. "But just a minute—are you by any chance lousy?"

"No," indignantly replied one of the officers. "Not yet, but thanks for the tip."

An Old Enemy

(Continued from page 39)

of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of Jefferson County.

These are not only shells well placed behind the enemy's line but they are heartening evidences that this education for which we are pleading is actually taking effect.

To change the simile, the whole problem is after all a problem of "seeds and soil." Our bodies are the soil and the tubercle bacilli the seeds. The task facing mankind is to keep these seeds of destruction from lodging in the soil, to so prepare the soil that it is disease sterile, not fertile, offering resistance to the bacilli when they do touch it, and to develop such habits of body-protection on the part of the individual that he will regularly have himself examined for beginning tuberculosis.

For remember that when discovered in its beginnings, tuberculosis is curable.

What a pity then, that less than twenty percent of those entering sanatoria for curing are in the early stages when there is so much hope for recovery, while more than eighty percent are in the advanced stages when the outcome is uncertain. What a glorious day it will be when all patients know that they are saving time and money and possible grief by seeking their physician's advice at the first warning sign of tuberculosis—no, even before the first sign of trouble!

BUT what about Bill Adams, you ask—the returned soldier whose misfortune we recounted at the outset of this article?

Bill Adams, cured successfully, returned to his family some eighteen months after his comrades, glad that he had gone to the Army Tuberculosis Sanatorium not only for his own sake, but for the protection this afforded his wife and son who might very easily have contracted the disease had he returned to them ill.

Not all were as fortunate as Adams, however. Today the Veterans Administration reports that 7,734 beds in hospitals and sanatoria throughout the country are filled with ex-service men, patients who are not so spectacular as those who were badly crippled or deformed and whose reconstruction is not so dramatic perhaps as those suffering severe facial disfiguration. But their care is fully as important and, happily, many of them are definitely on the road back to health.

It must be understood that the problem here is not only one of curing but one of definite rehabilitation; the man who has once been tuberculous needs frequently to lead a more or less limited life, without violent exercise or severe muscular strain incident to his daily occupation. To prepare tuberculous patients for life under these changed conditions, a program of rehabili- (Continued on page 43)

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!





No Bite!

No Bite!

Still no Bite!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

In other words, Half & Half and all's swell. Cool as a ticket-line half a block long. Smooth as recalling you bought yours last week. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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HALF ^{AND} HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

FRONT *and* CENTER

WHEN WE WENT TO WAR

To the Editor: Early in April will come the twentieth anniversary of the entry of the United States into the World War. It will be the occasion, doubtless, for the renewal upon an enlarged scale of the propaganda that has sought to besmirch the motives that led this country to take up the cause of the Allies. May I suggest that if your magazine will come out then with an authoritative and definite statement of the truth of this matter, it will be a most useful service? I was here in Washington through the period of the American declaration of war; for powerful reasons, I was watching closely all the developments; I am an old Washington correspondent, and not easily fooled about these things. I know that it is absolutely untrue that armament makers or financiers or any sordid interest or influence whatsoever had the slightest connection or consideration with the decision of Congress or the attitude of President Wilson. Immediately after the declaration, I offered my services to the President and served for seventeen months for a total salary of one dollar.

I am not willing to think that I did this for the sake of Mr. Morgan or the armament makers and I do not believe it is wholesome for the nation to think so ill of itself. I believe this matter is important to your organization. The propaganda I have referred to was able to shatter the United States Civil Legion of which I was at one time the national president. It cannot shatter The American Legion, but it can in some measure discredit it and diminish its influence. It would be a national calamity, it seems to me, if my countrymen generally should come to believe that the brave young men who risked their lives and those that lost theirs did these things for a wretchedly unworthy cause.—CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, *Washington, D. C.*

* * *

To the Editor: The article "The Fatal Month" in the February issue is about as out of place as any I have ever seen to appear in your good paper. Mr. Palmer mentions that twenty years gives us perspective. A war correspondent like him will never have a perspective, his views and experience having been entirely too "close up."

I think by this time at least 75 percent of the people in this country feel that the war, that Mr. Palmer thinks was so unavoidable, was about the greatest blunder that this country ever got into. Any level headed man knows that if he gets close to a fight that he too is in danger of getting hurt. I think every American citizen that boarded a ship

intending to go through the English Channel, etc., should have been court martialed for jeopardizing the peace of the U. S.—ZENO MUGGLI, *Richardton, N. D.*

* * *

To the Editor: About this war stuff, should we lull ourselves into a false security? Let me quote one sentence from Frederick Palmer's "The Fatal Month" in the February issue. "We would keep clear of any slash from the fang of one of the mad dogs which might infect us with the rabies." The thought is not new, but the expression is ideal. Look at Russia and Spain. The Reds and their sort are infected with a deadly virus, and we will have to pay the price if we don't watch out.—E. T. BARRETT, *Saltillo, Miss.*

THE LEVI AND THE CONVENTION

To the Editor: It would seem to me a very appropriate gesture, if at the time that the national convention is held in New York City this fall, the incoming delegates would plan to travel there in the old time convoy system from Boston, Philadelphia, etc.

During the convention I would suggest that the *Leviathan* be permanently berthed at the Battery pointed eastward, and that fire boats play streams of water saturated with marble so that in time the *Leviathan* would form the mould of a marble ship which would endure as a fitting memorial to the World War.—FREDERICK E. CONWAY, *Brookline, Mass.*

LETTERS TO CONGRESSMEN

To the Editor: After reading the letters that flowed to and fro between Justin X. Gobb and his Congressman, I would like to say that anyone who believes that letters such as they are just pipe dreams of the writer is invited to start something with his Congressman and be convinced.

Some time ago I wrote my Congressman regarding an immigration bill at the time pending, and still pending for all I know. He answered my letter promptly, but did not give the information desired. He thanked me very much for writing, and said he was happy to have the opportunity of answering my letter, then finished up by saying that he was always for any bill that would benefit the American people.

Wrote to him again telling him he forgot to give me the information that I asked for; his second letter was exactly the same as the first one, but it must

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.

have been meant for someone else as there was more to it that I could not make head or tail out of.—LAWRENCE KENNEDY, *American Legion Hospital, Battle Creek, Mich.*

* * *

To the Editor: Through the years I have read the Legion magazine and received the various reactions and comments of others. Many good things have transpired, but I feel duty bound to spend three cents to advise that at no time, plus all times included, have I noted the enthusiasm accorded "First Class Mail." Many of our veterans now understand for the first time just how to go about wording their communications to their Congressmen, with at least the suavity and hypocrisy not being a drug. Many will now be insistent with understanding of the ropes.—MRS. MABEL SMITH, *Phoenix, Arizona.*

FORESTS AND FLOODS

To the Editor: I have in my files a copy of the American Legion Monthly of February, 1928. It was filed away especially for the leading article "Think Ahead" by Robert W. Chambers. In view of the recent disastrous flood conditions I believe it well worth reprinting. Apparently America has not yet awakened to the disaster lurking in the removal of our national heritage—the wooded lands of America. Look at China, a treeless desert, and the ever increasing damage due to floods. We are on the same road to destruction unless our Federal Government wakes up and gets at the cause of wanton destruction of our woods. Of course, no lumberman or politician will admit these facts but they must be brought home to the American people.—GAILLARD P. WILLETT, M.D., *Elmore, O.*

THOSE SMOKING LAMPS

To the Editor: Apropos of Rud Rennie's "Did It Really Happen?" in the March issue, you are hereby advised that smoking lamps did exist. Like nearly everything else in our Navy, they are adopted from the Limeys. They had grown nearly obsolete before the war, and are so again. In the days when flint and tinder were needed to get a light (remember the magic tinder boxes of Grimm's fairy tales?) and black gunpowder was stowed in wooden kegs that leaked, smoking had to be done only at times and places that seemed safe; and it was necessary for the crew to have a lamp at which to light their pipes. A sailor was specially detailed as lamp-lighter; and the phrase "lamp lit" was passed to mean that smoking was permitted.—L. GLUICK, *Port Chester, N. Y.*

An Old Enemy

(Continued from page 41)

tation is going forward, the aim of which is "to return each patient to that place in society where he can obtain the greatest amount of happiness for himself, at the same time that he is giving his best to the common life around him."

Several full-time programs in various parts of the country are accomplishing valuable results and at the same time blazing new trails in this field. In my home city of Cincinnati, a full-time Director of Social and Economic Services, assisted by nine WPA workers, is carrying forward an excellent rehabilitation program in a fine educational building erected on the grounds of the sanatorium. The program includes vocational guidance and counseling, academic and pre-vocational training, and occupational therapy. What is quite as important, there is also a close relationship maintained with the local employment service officials.

No article on the fight against tuberculosis would be complete without some mention of the fine work that has been done over the years not only by the National Tuberculosis Association, but by the 2,000-odd local tuberculosis associations scattered throughout the country and fighting the fight out on the front line.

And each year as I read the reports of the joint council meetings of the Veterans Bureau doctors and of the National Tuberculosis Association, I feel convinced that this kind of co-operative effort is sure to mean more certain success in the age-old struggle against this disease that has claimed a high toll of manhood and womanhood over the centuries.

The fight against tuberculosis is a fight that can be won. We know the nature of the enemy, we have means for determining his exact position and we have weapons with which to annihilate him. But what we need and need badly is an army willing to do battle—an army composed of all the 128,000,000 individuals living in the United States today.

Dr. Kennon Dunham has had a distinguished career in medicine since 1894, when he got his degree from the University of Cincinnati Department of Medicine. He did special war work without rank or pay during 1917 and the early part of 1918, accepting a commission as captain in the Medical Corps of the Army in May, 1918. To Legionnaires he is known as a tireless worker in behalf of ex-service men afflicted with tuberculosis, and to him probably more than anyone else is due through his service with the National Advisory Board of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Service, the establishing of the Veterans Administration diagnostic centers throughout the nation.

APRIL, 1937



Life Insurance for fathers

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

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WHAT USERS SAY

San Antonio, Tex. It might interest you to know that with the Capacity Aerial Eliminator I get European stations easily and in the winter get Australia, Russia, Honolulu and many Jap Short Wave Stations. I get all Pacific Coast Stations on the broadcast band. Signed: _____

Davenport, Ia. Received your Radio Aerial Eliminator and it sure works fine. Also works swell on Short Wave band. Wish I had found it long ago. Signed: _____

Lafayette, That Was Us

(Continued from page 9)

from the shaggy man, you know, the weaving way that people skate backward. And the lad after her, with his tongue hanging out. He'd stretch out his hands, and almost reach her and she'd give a little swirl and be away again with him after her. Around and around and around, like Willie in the song. He'd almost catch her, but not quite. She could skate, now, that kid, among her other attributes. I stopped looking at her long enough to see how the shaggy man was doing, and then I noticed the trick. He had skates on his hands as well as on his feet.

JUST how he was going to untie that bow with his hands done up in roller skates bothered me, but it didn't him. He was getting madder and madder, and finally he made a terrific lunge. The girl just weaved to one side and gave him a shove. The shaggy man started a cascade for the barrier at the side of the rink, saw he was going to fall, and put down his hand to stop himself. Cracko! Did he go into a pinwheel! Hot dog, what a slam he took! Some of the cheering spectators helped him to his feet, and he was off again, a little more cautiously this time, but then the girl began to do her stuff. Every time he reached out his hand, she'd grab it and give him a spin, or a shove, and down he'd go, like the fall of Rome. Slam-mety bang! With roller skates on both hands he was helpless. In about five minutes he'd had enough for even a shaggy man from the steppes.

When he couldn't stand any more, they took off his skates and carried him out. By then there was some spectator that thought he'd discovered the system, clamoring for his turn. Well, lady, the soldiers tried all the tricks they could possibly think of. They tried to trip the girl, and they tried to dive at her and knock her down, but no success. She knew all the holds. Zip! She'd shove the guy, and he'd go into his whirl, and the audience would howl the roof off. There weren't many that could take more than one or two tosses. Carry 'em out and bring on the next guy!

The two hours that I had to spend there went by like lightning. I had to be back, though, so I shoved my way out, and the cavalryman came with me.

"They're getting tired," said he. "I'd be goin' anyway. When there's no more customers wants to try it, they kick the whole crowd out an' let a new one in. It was time to go. They'd begun to make up their minds it couldn't be done."

Back in Camp Genicart, as soon as retreat was over, all the boys gathered around to hear what had gone on in

Bordeaux, and after my tale they were all off to find the looey, for dental treatment, or eye treatment, or any excuse to get out of camp, because you couldn't get a pass unless you had a good reason. Gee, there were even guys discovered they had relatives in Bordeaux they hadn't seen for years, and must renew acquaintance.

The next day the looey was going to allow four more men to go down, but Star and Wreath said he was going in charge of them.

"What the heck!" said he. "Everyone gets his turn! Listen, Nason, you give me a break on this. I been in the Army longer than you. Why should I have to come back at retreat? You report the comp'ny, don't yuh? Well, you report me present. An' at reveille, too. Then t'morrer I'll do the same for you. That leaves us some time to see that town, get me?"

"But the looey—"

"He don't know no better! He eats outta my hand! He's busier than a cootie, anyway, makin out service records!"

"How you going to get any jack?" I asked.

"I c'n cash a pay voucher. I'm a warrant officer. I get paid like an officer, anywhere there's a bank!"

An' the mug!

Next day Star and Wreath mustered his squad, and away they went. I stayed in camp, wandering about, talking to the French civilians through the fence. There was a movie in that camp, in a tent. It was an American film, an old Western. It must have been free, or I would never have been able to get in. Anyway, the titles were in French, and it was a great help to my growing vocabulary. You could tell what the titles meant by the action that followed. Simple. Who should be there but my French non-com from the Algerians, and after the show he eased up to me. Thinks I, more cigarettes. I could tell from the look in his eye something was in the wind.

"You Americans," said the French non-com, "have such practical clothes and equipment. Look at your shoes and look at mine!"

HIS *did* look like a couple of enlarged soup spoons, all turned up at the end.

"Yeh, it's *dommage*—" I just learned that word and quickly tried it out—"but I don't know what I can do about it."

His eye gleamed. "Have you an extra pair you could sell me?"

Had I an extra pair? Had I? Well, I hope to sneeze I had! You remember that big pack I told you I'd lugged all

the way from one end of Bordeaux to the other, and up the hill twice as high as the Alps? Well, I'd made up my mind I'd never carry it again! If the war and me had to part company, that pack would be named as co-respondent. I had in mind to lose it somewhere, when I could put my mind to it. And here I could sell some of it!

Yeh, lady, I did. I sold the shoes to the non-com. His feet were the same size as mine. He'd noticed it before I had. He got a pal to buy the slicker, and while I was delivering the merchandise over in the Algerian camp, someone got hold of the local craps shooter, or whatever they played, and he bought the extra underwear and the spare shirt. I gave one tar-baby the condiment can for a souvenir. He put francs in one end and spittin' tobacco in the other, right before me. Well, that affair netted me forty francs, close to eight dollars. So on the morrow, when it come time for me to go to Bordeaux, I'd have the wherewithal to sit in one of those cafés, and listen to the orchestra, and order myself a steak and onions, and maybe invite one of those ball-bearing-eyed, underslung, selective transmission mammas to share it with me.

At retreat I report all present and accounted for. That includes Star and Wreath, who's not there, like we agreed. At reveille, the same thing. You see we only had one officer and he couldn't come to formations. He was too busy. So the non-com in charge of the company went to the end of the company street and hollered his report to the O.D.

WE HAD some more good breakfast from the German cook, and the sky gave promise of a splendid day, and I spent the morning shining up my hobnails and brushing my uniform and preparing to lay them in the aisles when I got to Bordeaux. I say I spent the morning. I didn't. At ten A.M. the looey sent over for Star and Wreath, and he wasn't there. Well, go find him; he was here at reveille! Yeh, lady, only he hadn't been there at reveille. A false report at formation is a serious offense. I burned my fingers on one once at Fort Ethan Allen and nearly lost my stripes. Where *was* that son? What a time he must have had!

At eleven the little looey came over sparking from every outlet. Where was Star and Wreath? Why hadn't I found him? He was there at reveille, now where was he? He wasn't in the barracks, he wasn't in the Y hut. Well, nobody'd seen him. Who had reported the company? I had. Well, I wasn't first sergeant, and had no reason to report it if Star and Wreath had been there, so

I was a liar on the face of it—no question.

"You're under arrest!" barks the little looey in his sternest manner, which was about like a new-born kitten spitting at a dog's picture on the wall. And then, like in a theater, appeared two tough-looking guys I didn't like the look of. They were cavalrymen, and all bristling with this trick kind of cartridge belt and frontier holster the Sixth was allowed to wear around there.

"We want you, guy!" said they with their uncultured voices.

"Me? What for?"

"You'll find out! Cahm ahn!"

"NOW just a minute, men," says the little looey. "I need this sergeant more than you do. I'm all alone here with the company and one sergeant is lost, strayed, or stolen. I'm not going to let anyone take away the other. I have to deliver this company to La Courtine, wherever that is, and I'm not going to tackle it without any non-coms."

"Sorry, sir, you'll have to see the camp commander about that! This bird goes to the cage."

"But you can't confine a non-commissioned officer!" protests my little looey.

"Haw! Haw! Can't we? Well, you comin', or we gonna take yuh?" This last to me.

"But what's he done?"

"Sellin' government property. He'll crack rocks the rest of his life!"

Yeh, lady, they put me in the coop. That bamboula I gave my condiment can to thought it was a ju-ju or something, and hung it around his neck with a string. Who spots him but the camp commander? What's that man got round his neck? A condiment can, eh? Someone's been selling his clothes, eh? Find out who! You see, lady, that idea of selling underwear and shoes was not original with me. Soldiers always think these bright ideas are theirs, but soldiers been having the same ones since the days of Joshua when he blew reveille at Jericho two hours too soon. The old colonel knew the signs and so clamped down at once. I was the guy. A sergeant that spoke French, the one that was always chewing the fat through the fence with the inhabitants—he was the one that had sold the stuff. They got the guy with the shoes, and the slicker, and they had to make restitution, and I had to give back the francs, and all was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

I was scared now. Selling government property is nasty stuff. They had me cold. Just to cheer me up, the sergeant of the guard told me he had orders to enter another charge in the guard book against my name: id est and to wit, false official statement in reporting Star and Wreath present, and he was just as absent as a Chinaman at a Hibernian picnic. They comforted me by telling me that when Star and Wreath showed up, they would slam him in the mill, too, for all his war-

rant rank, those being the standing orders for all caught A.W.O.L. They did something else to you, too, if you were caught out of camp, that I can't tell a lady about.

Then to make all complete, the order comes out about lunch time that my company was to depart the following day, destination the Field Artillery Replacement Reserve, La Courtine, Creuse. The outfit was going, but I wasn't. I'd stay in Bordeaux and break rocks for the duration of the war. I was pretty wilted by then. This brave boy from Norwich was going to turn out a military convict, and all the professors at Norwich that had said I would be hung before I was twenty-five would be right.

Well, where was Star and Wreath? I wanted to see him, badly. He had promised to be back by dinner time, and he would have double-crossed me anyway, because it was two o'clock now. He didn't show up, but three other members of the company did, escorted by a mounted patrol. They allowed, as soon as the stockade gate had closed behind them, that the word had rapidly been passed around the company that there'd be no more visits to Bordeaux. First, because you couldn't go without a non-com, and one of ours was over the hill and the other in the hoosegow, and moreover the outfit was leaving the next day for some God-awful place up country where they had a Russian prison camp.

This La Courtine had been a Russian camp, and after the revolution the Russians there had refused to fight for the Allies. Troops from Bordeaux had gone up there and policed up on them. Our cavalry guard knew it, and were only too glad to tell about it. The Algerians in our camp had gone up, too, to bury the dead Russians. It took them three weeks to clean the place up. So with the prospect of going to a place that would make a Russian mutiny, my outfit of casuals just decided to adjourn right there. They wanted to have a look at Bordeaux first, then see France and La Courtine afterward.

AH, BUT the High Command had thought ahead of them. Other outfits had the same thought and intention. Every road around that camp was patrolled by mounted cavalymen in pairs. In addition there were men on motorcycles, and a ring of sentinels on foot. All afternoon they were bringing in the members of my company, in twos, threes, fours, and half dozens. If a soldier didn't have a pass, in the mill he went, and no argument. First, of course, undergoing the indignity that I mentioned beforehand.

Lady, we were raging by retreat. They had to put on an extra platoon to guard us. Everyone was in the mill, now, every single member of the outfit except Star and Wreath. And the poor little looey was crazy. Ordered to La Courtine with his company, and the Sixth Cavalry had taken it away (Continued on page 46)



Here's Why Shaves are Velvet-Smooth

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MEN are amazed to discover how much pleasanter shaving is when they use a Gillette Blade in their Gillette Razor.

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Lafayette, That Was Us

(Continued from page 45)

from him! No sign of Star and Wreath. After retreat, the little looey leaves for Bordeaux to call upon the commanding general.

I don't know what effect the looey's visit had, or whether he changed the course of events any, but next morning we were marched over for trial in a batch. I was tried first. Guilty. What else could I do? They had me cold, with the money still on me. Sentence, to be confined for six months at a place to be selected by the reviewing authority, and to forfeit all pay and allowances for a like period. They had to carry me out. Then the summary court officer tried the whole company at once, and gave them all a month in the mill and two-thirds of their pay for a like period.

"Now," says the summary court, "you're all released in custody of your

commanding officer until such time as you'll have to serve your sentences."

"Now, men," says the little looey, "we'll all go over to barracks and pack up to go to La Courtine."

At two o'clock we marched down to the railroad station at Carbon Blanc. I sweat blood for fear Star and Wreath would show up at the last minute, but he didn't. To this day I don't know what became of him—whether he cashed his pay voucher and went his way by himself, or got his throat cut, or what. Never a sign or a word. Of course, I being the only non-com left, the little looey had to make me first sergeant. So I ditched my rifle and belted on the pistol that went with my new rank, and hoisted the same old pack on my back.

"But your sentence?" asked the lady. "Did you serve it, or how did you get out

of it? Didn't they reduce you to private or something?"

Nah. Being first sergeant, all the records were turned over to me. The first thing I did was to find my court martial sheet and record of my conviction—it was in there in triplicate, imagine—and destroy it. Who cared? It was wartime, and I'd probably be dead in a month.

"And you never heard any more of it?"

Never.

"Well, tell me about La Courtine and the Russians."

I will. And about Spike Hennessy that commanded there. Waiter, bring us two more of the same, and put a little liquor in them this time, just for the novelty.

Another act in the drama of Sergeant Nason's martial career will be staged in an early issue.

Just Plain Goofy

(Continued from page 23)

men on a field three hundred feet long. They use an inflated rubber bladder as a ball. The commuters who enjoy this goofy sport rent their ponies for three bucks for the afternoon and get a great kick from the game, too.

Speaking of kicking, not all the goofy sports originated in this country. Great Britain's goofiest sport is shin kicking. How's your shin resistance these days? Pretty good? If not, don't attempt this sport, popular in Wales where the miners don heavy boots, place their hands round each other's neck, and start to kick. The chap who first can batter down his adversary's shin resistance and temporarily cripple him is winner.

In this country it seems as if every single branch of athletics has its goofy as well as its serious side. Most celebrated kind of goofy golf is archery golf. Most popular, codeball, named after its inventor, Dr. William Edward Code of Chicago. Most goofy, water golf. Most fun, hole-in-one golf. Most difficult to play, sling-shot golf. Chief Needahabah of the Pencoscot Indian tribe is the archery golf star, and beat the recognized champion, Roy Brondson of Oyster Harbor, Massachusetts, by covering an eighteen-hole course in 67. At each hole he had to puncture a balloon affixed to the flag, instead of holing out. Airplane golf is a rich man's sport in which balls are dropped from a plane to the green, where a partner of the aviator holes it out. Casey Jones is reported to be the guilty party so far as this game is concerned.

Codeball, a combination of golf and soccer, is the people's game. Rules are

the same as for golf, but instead of driving a small, hard ball, you kick a soft rubber one six inches in diameter into an eighteen inch bowl. Cost is small and anyone can play. Championships have been held in Chicago, St. Louis and Miami. Water golf is a Florida sport, players teeing off from a float in the center of the pool with regulation clubs and a sponge rubber ball. The course is laid out like a baseball diamond with life rings for holes. The most famous hole-in-one course is operated by Paul Berlenbach, former light heavyweight champion, in Miami. He gives you five shots and pays a thousand to one for a hole in one. Willie MacFarlane, Ray Mangrum, Wild Bill Melhorn and Dean Bauer all tried and failed in a single day. Sling-shot golf is the rage at Coral Gables. Patty Berg plays it frequently, the ball being hurled from a sling shot instead of driven from the tee.

Tennis also has its goofier side. Chicago, which seems to rank up with Florida, California, Ohio and Massachusetts as the home of goofy sports, had its first ice-tennis tournament this year when George Jennings, four times National Public Parks Champion, became the title holder of the new game on skates, braving sub-zero blasts on January 26th to conquer Thane Halstead, 6-4, 6-4. Halstead and George O'Connell beat Jennings and Gordon Brandt in the doubles 6-3, 6-4, and Miss Helen Bartabiss won the woman's singles title. Tennis on roller skates is widely played on concrete courts in Florida, while just about the goofiest of all goofy sports is

crazy paddle tennis, played with paddles that have holes in them, or flexible handles. Ski tennis is the brain-child of some nitwit in Austria, and water ping-pong was invented by a desperate Florida press agent, the players standing in a pool with water up to their waists and hitting the ball on a floating table.

Donkey basketball is widely played. Before me is a set of rules played by the Sharon, Massachusetts, High School. Rule No. 5 states that a player may ride the full length of the court "if the donkey is willing." Basketball has assumed almost as many guises as there are players. It has been attempted on ice, on horseback, on roller skates and on kiddie cars. The old Madison Square Garden in New York was the scene of a basketball tournament between teams of girls on roller skates, but the gag didn't catch on. The goofiest teams are the four or five belonging to the House of David. One of them boasts a center named Gilbert Reichert who is eight feet tall, weighs 220 pounds, and wears size twenty-two gym shoes.

Weather clear, track fast. The sport that unquestionably has more goofy variations than any other is racing. These variations range all the way from camel racing in the Sahara, where they cannot get horses, to cat racing in England and guinea pig racing in this country. One day in 1933, a 26-year-old girl named Katherine Reid of Lantana, Florida; dreamed she was streaking about a race track on a three hundred-pound ostrich. No sooner dreamed than done. The next day she bought three

birds, learned to handle them, and taught her two nieces to team up against her. They put on a race and it went over big. As a rule the girls ride without saddles and frequently get thrown, for the ostrich is one tough bird to subdue. The sport caught hold and since 1933 the three women have raced all over the South at fairs, carnivals and race meetings. Right now Miss Reid wants to match Clark Gable, her star bird, against Cavalcade or some first-class horse.

HOW do you feel about snakes? Last July in Carlsbad, New Mexico, was held the first of all snake derbies. Seventy-five contestants answered the starter's gun, a thin plate in the center of a ring to which heat was applied when the tails of all the snakes were touching it. They had to race to the rim of this 110 foot circle, the one reaching the outside first being the winner. A double fence was built round the tracks but strange to say ringside seats were not at a premium.

Much the same procedure is followed in horn toad racing, a popular pastime in the Southwest. The pioneers of the region also took over another goofy sport from the Indians, turtle or terrapin racing. Dry land terrapins weigh from ten to sixteen ounces and are mostly caught in Western Texas and Oklahoma, with the terrapin derby held usually in midsummer at 101 Ranch in the latter State.

Several hundred turtles from all over the country are entered, and as much as \$200,000 in prize money awarded, for this is a serious business with a form sheet of past performances, betting along pari-mutuel lines, and the dope carefully studied. If it sounds unexciting to you, that's because you never watched your terrapin come down the home stretch far in the lead, and then suddenly stop and go to sleep before your eyes.

Akin to this sport is the frog jumping jubilee at Angel's Camp, California. Five hundred frogs were entered in the contests last summer, and the title was won by Can't Take It with a leap of twelve feet, six inches.

Turtle derbies also take place in Miami, Paducah, Kentucky, and Ponca City, Oklahoma. There are other forms of freak racing, including the baby-pig chase of Venice, California, and horse racing on ice, a growing goofy sport both here and in Europe. Sharp steel caulks are welded into the horse's shoes, and trotters run down a straightaway of a mile and a half, for turns would be disastrous on the ice. Headquarters for the sport abroad are St. Moritz, while in this country it is Down East in Aroostook County, Maine.

Did you ever see a fish fight? Probably not, because a real fight between trained bettas in a tank is not a sport for the multitude. Only about thirty-five persons can crowd round a tank, and they are

charged fifteen dollars for a ringside seat and five dollars to stand and look over the shoulders of those standing in the front rows.

Fish fights are held in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis between these Siamese fighting fish, or *betta splendens*, if you wish to be precise. A fight usually lasts anywhere from half an hour to a couple of hours, and contains more action, scraping, blood and dismemberment than any real prize fight in a boxing ring. When the two fish get into a tank the battle is on, and it doesn't finish until one or the other is dead.

Goofy sport No. 814 is a craze that has existed for some time in England but is just creeping into this country—mouse shows. The first American show was held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, last January, with an entry of sixty mice. A full-blooded specimen has a long head, large eyes, slim body, short and smooth coat, tulip-shaped ears and balance; he brings anywhere from \$200 to \$300 abroad. In this country \$2.50 seems to be the top price for a good mouse. Mice are sold to other mouse maniacs, to pet shops and to college laboratories.

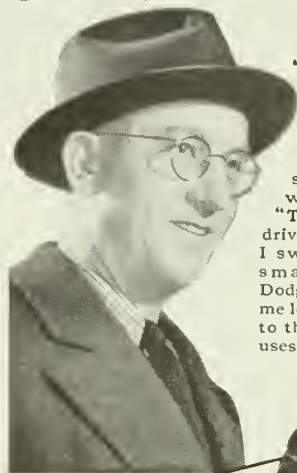
Goofiest of all sports is the walkathon, often called the poor man's night club. The walkathons which existed in abundance a few years ago were apparently born of the depression, for of late the craze has rather died down. Goofy marathons of all kinds persist, however, including die-hard contests in hand-walking, cigar-smoking, flagpole-sitting, piano-playing, rope-skipping, skating, eating and kite-flying. Recently someone with a sadistic nature invented a variation of the six-day bike race, and a six-day foot race was held in Columbus, Ohio. The entrants had to circle the track on foot instead of on a bicycle, one man running while his teammate slept, as in the bike grind.

FROM the foregoing you will easily observe that Florida leads the Union for goofy sports ideas, with New England and California closely pressing each other for second place. Massachusetts boasts what certainly must be the goofiest angle of all goofy sports. I refer to wrestling, that most ridiculous of pastimes which is a combination of a racket, a sideshow and an endurance contest. In Boston lives thirty-five-year-old Martin Levy, a wrestler who weighs no less than 610 pounds. Trying to push him over is as easy as pushing over a Mack truck. He merely has to slam his opponents to the ground and sit on them. They're completely licked.

Leviathan, as he is called, is too big to knock down, too wide around to grasp, and too heavy to lift. In addition he is probably the only competing athlete who can win matches with two diseases, for Leviathan suffers from elephantiasis and heart trouble. Which gives him the all-goofy sports record for all time.

THOUSANDS SWITCH TO DODGE!

Here Are a Few of Them!



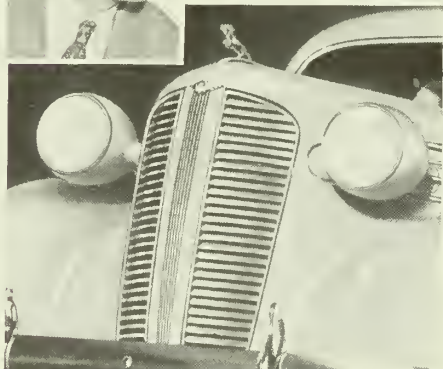
"The car I drive must be easy on gas and easy on my pocketbook in other ways," says I. J. Boulware, Chicago. "That's why I'm driving Dodge—and I switched from a smaller car! My Dodge hasn't given me less than 19 miles to the gallon and it uses 20% less oil!"



"Since we switched to Dodge we're getting 8 to 10 miles more to the gallon than we got from our old, smaller car. We'll easily save \$70 a year." —Mrs. G. Norman Townley, Plainfield, N. J.



"You can't beat Dodge for economy," says Jimmie Huskisson, Valley Park, Mo. "I'm getting 21 miles to the gallon of gas which is 7 miles more than my old car gave me. At the rate we drive it, that will mean close to \$100 saved by the time I have had this new Dodge a year."



DODGE

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

Veterans Unpreferred

(Continued from page 17)

wouldn't look like the same man to you.

There are lots of veterans like that draughtsman and we've got to do something for them. Just because most of the Legionnaire comrades we know have jobs does not mean we can pass by the veteran who doesn't belong, because he doubtless hasn't the cash for dues. We owe the unemployed veteran to-day the same duty we owed the disabled comrade seventeen years ago when we fought his battle.

Unquestionably there are veterans who belong to that class known as unemployables; but since the ex-service man is a cross-section of American life there are no more of this type than there are in other groups of like age.

BUT as I have shown, the percentage of veterans passed over by private industry is growing—and thus the percentage of unemployable veterans (owing to age) is greater than it should be in proportion to the unemployed population.

What can be done to reduce the number of ex-service unemployed? It's the Legion's task in Maryland. We have an unemployment committee which meets once a month and canvasses the whole situation. Each district has a chairman who checks on the Posts. And—most important of all—each Post has an unemployment committee. This is the key to the solution. The Post committee not only examines its area for all unemployed veterans but makes a careful investigation to discover every possible job. Each Post in Maryland has on its order of business "report on veteran unemployment," which provides a monthly check on jobs and veteran joblessness. Through this intense effort we have lowered the number of unemployed veterans from 8,415 to 4,297.

Yet I must confess that the majority of these jobs are temporary and on government or state public works.

But at least the men are drawing pay of some sort while we continue our campaign to educate business men to hire veterans where the man is fitted for the work. This educational campaign consists of two primary points. First, we place Legionnaire business men on our unemployment committees, make them aware of the situation and urge them to talk frankly to their friends in industry. Second, we have begun a series of radio talks which bluntly tell the facts and request employment of ex-service men.

I believe this activity has resulted in the placement of some veterans—but not enough. It must be admitted that private industry is not responding. And while I am being frank, let me say that

it does not respond for another reason besides the saving in workmen's compensation and the age factor. Industry resented the payment of the Adjusted Compensation, and there seems to be a persistent belief that the Government is taking care of all veterans.

"What's the Government going to do for them?" one personnel man asked me.

"Do you want these men to be on a government payroll?" I demanded.

"Well, they're on there now, aren't they?" he evaded.

He made me angry and I spoke plainly.

"Do you want these men to ask for a pension?"

"Lord, no!" he cried, startled. "I thought you Legionnaires were against pensions."

"We are; we don't think it is necessary. And it shouldn't be. But if private industry does not absorb its share of ex-service men what is left? Only work on government, state and municipal projects. Temporary work. As they get too old for this kind of work and are left jobless, what remains? You can't argue with an empty stomach. They want to eat. The Legion is against a pension but if sufficient unemployed veterans join the Legion their vote can change a policy. I'm putting it to you plainly. If you don't give them work when they can do the work you are bringing on an issue that we are trying to avoid."

He stared at me.

"What's against a man of forty-four?" I demanded. "Presuming he's in reasonable health he can, if he's skilled, bring to his job years of experience. If he's wanted for unskilled labor he can at least do as much as a younger man. Yet you shoulder this man aside to hire younger men. You're penalizing him for being forty-four years old and expect him to grin and bear it. You're being a fool."

THIS personnel man was of course an exceptional case of blindness, and my talk resulted, in this instance, in the employment of several veterans who otherwise would have been passed by. Yet it indicates how obtuse industrialists can be. And it brings me to a conclusion that I would rather not make, but I don't see how I can avoid it.

And that conclusion is that the final hope for employing veterans seems to lie in continuing jobs with national, state and municipal projects, and civil service employment. In Maryland, recognizing this point, we have passed a new merit system law which provides that healthy veterans get five points' preference on permanent civil service employment, and

disabled veterans get ten points—always providing, of course, that the man can perform the duties. We must also make a move to set aside the age limit in such employment.

Other States, I affirm, should take similar action, for this situation obtains nationally as well as in Maryland. Consider this part of a report of the Veterans' Placement Service, created under the federal employment bureau: "The relative advantage of veterans in obtaining employment occurred only in one field—public employment. In private employment placement of veterans was lower than for non-veterans."

In brief, the problem we are meeting, or trying to meet, in Maryland exists in practically every other State. And I contend that it should be met by prompt, vigorous action. All you Department officers know that time is needed to get a Department organization functioning. We in Maryland have been prodding the unemployment issue for three years and only in 1935 did we see important results. This year will produce the best results, for sixty percent of our Posts are reporting promptly and efficiently, with the percentage growing each month.

THERE is another significant fact in connection with our work in behalf of the unemployed veteran—membership increase. The veterans have discovered that the Legion can get them jobs and they join. In January, 1936, our membership was 3,504 (a record at that time for beginning a new year). In 1937 it was 5,121.

The word gets around, "A Legionnaire gets employment, so join."

A startling case to illustrate this is the Walter Green Post of Baltimore, a colored Post. In 1933 its membership was seventeen; in 1937 the membership is 343. All of our Posts show gains, though few of them show such a startling percentage of increase.

So what? There are, nationally, 370,000 registered unemployed veterans asking for jobs. And remember, these registered unemployed are connected with some veteran organization and are aware of the Veterans' Placement Service efforts to find them jobs. There are thousands of veterans who do not register, do not even know of the Veterans' Placement Service. A conservative estimate of the number of these men is 600,000.

There is the fact—600,000 unemployed veterans—equal in number to the file cases of disabled in the United States Veterans Administration to-day. With continuing good times some of this 600,000 may be absorbed permanently into private industry. But not enough.

Industry demands that sixty percent of its employes be forty or under; thirty percent of employes must be thirty-five or under, and ten percent twenty-five or less. Which means that each passing year reduces the number of jobs in private industry for veterans. You Department officers have part of the answer in looking into your civil service requirements to aid them. The national organization of the Legion could work for the passage of a law making it mandatory to employ veterans on national projects, and to rescind age limits on national civil service employment.

During 1936 when I was National Chairman of the employment committee I found that many Departments did not have a veterans' employment organization. Many have not met the problem as yet. This, despite the tragic fact that every day, almost every hour counts.

The country is on the upsurge of prosperity; there is a growing steady demand for labor of all sorts. An energetic effort made at once will obtain for the veteran a certain percentage of those jobs. A national survey should be made by the Legion to check and total the number of unemployed veterans. The

Legion is fitted for this task; the Veterans' Placement Service recently pointed out that only twenty-five percent of the veterans of the World War belong to ex-service men's organizations. The blank in unemployed veteran statistics lies in the unrecorded seventy-five percent. Through its more than 11,300 local posts the Legion can make a survey of these men, register them, see that they get a square shake, and with accurate figures we can nationally plan our future actions in their behalf.

I REPEAT, the problem of the unemployed veteran is one that time won't cure, but which time will make more acute. It is hard this year, it will be harder next year, and doubly harder thereafter. This year and next, we of Maryland believe, is the best time to place veterans in civil service employment in federal, state and municipal organizations. A few years more will wipe out this possibility.

We need to go to work now. Finding work for the unemployed veteran is the biggest task, the greatest duty we owe wartime comrades, since we took up the cudgels for the disabled in 1919.

"It's the flavour"



86 PROOF

JEFFERSON POST NO. 15, INC.
Department of Kentucky, American Legion
Louisville Memorial Auditorium
Louisville, Ky.

Feb. 12, 1937.

Editor,
American Legion Monthly,
521 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Comrade:

We want to express through the columns of The American Legion Monthly our deep and lasting gratitude for the magnificent manner in which our comrades of The American Legion and the Auxiliary came to our aid in our hour of distress.

Contributions of food, clothing, medical supplies and money poured in from all directions, as did messages offering organized relief units and motor boats.

Were it not for this splendid spirit of generosity and co-operation we might well be discouraged by the gigantic task which now confronts us. A very large part of our entire area was flooded, and the loss has been staggering, but the morale of our city is unshaken, and the prompt response of our comrades has given us renewed determination to continue the fight.

We take this means of thanking, on behalf of the Posts of Jefferson County, all those who so generously contributed in any fashion to our relief.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK A. ROPKE, *Commander*,
Jefferson Post 15.

ROBERT C. FRITZ, *Commander*,
Henry Watterson Post 164.

ANNE E. FLYNN, *Commander*,
Edna Proctor Post 192.

N. E. WHITING, *Commander*,
Victory Post 198.

W. O. WILLIS, *Commander*,
Peter Salem Post 45.

GEO. B. HOEHLE, *Commander*,
Zachary Taylor Post 180.

RAY HEER, *Commander*,
Shawnee Post 193.

HERMAN ERHART, *Commander*,
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STUART G. LEVY, *Commander*,
Fifth District,
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A World Safe for Mothers

(Continued from page 29)

Superstition is piled upon superstition to such a point that the uninitiated expectant mother is confounded and confused. To the ancient do's and do not's we even hear of modern superstitions which arise from our mechanical civilization. Pregnant women have been warned that if they ride in an airplane their offspring may be born deaf and dumb.

This misunderstanding and ignorance about motherhood is appalling. Real progress in the saving of lives depends upon supplanting ignorance with knowledge and superstition with good medical care. Who should assume the responsibility for bringing the good news to all mothers that early and adequate care reduces the risks of motherhood? The doctor, who is best suited by his scientific training to give advice, is handicapped because he is busy about his regular practice. He must have help from individuals and organizations who are vitally interested in eliminating this "darkest blot upon America's public health picture." The responsibility falls as it has in reducing other public health menaces upon those who are willing and able to shoulder it. The American Legion has set a splendid precedent in its efforts to reduce diphtheria, to stamp out tuberculosis, and in this new piece of pioneer work to make maternity safe. Other organizations—civic, religious, and fraternal—must help to spread the good news through their membership and out to the general public.

While these organizations and interested individuals under the guidance of the medical profession can do much to save mothers' lives in the near future, the greatest task is to provide the mothers and fathers of the future—the boys and girls of today—with the essential facts about the origin of life and the responsibilities of parenthood. Every modern parent should present to his children these facts in a sane and wholesome fashion. He should not evade honest questions as to the origin of life and other facts with brazen statements that babies are brought by the stork or in the doctor's bag.

It is safe to say that if the oncoming generation understands these problems before they are married—knows that good medical care is essential, knows how to get good care—we may expect a greatly reduced maternal death rate, for knowledge spreads concern and concern will cause a demand for good medical care for every mother.

Dr. Sam A. Loveman, of Toms River, New Jersey, is a member of the National Child Welfare Executive Committee of The American Legion and is Child Welfare Chairman of Area B in the national set-up.

D. S. C.

(Continued from page 13)

heavy enemy machine-gun and sniper fire to aid wounded soldiers, whom he carried back to shelter after dressing their wounds. He also administered aid to a wounded German within twenty yards of the enemy lines and brought him in a prisoner."

What historic American names are affiliated with the D. S. C. family! Walt Whitman is there, a colonel from New York; so is Will Rogers, not the beloved Oklahoma philosopher but a private from Limon, Colorado. Also three senatorial names; John J. Ingalls, a corporal from Olin, Iowa; Mark Hanna, a major from Kansas City, and Henry Clay, a first lieutenant of Fort Worth, Texas. I wonder if Oliver Wendell Holmes, private of Hastings, Nebraska, is related, even distantly, to "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Anyhow, his inclusion in the D. S. C. family gives me an excuse for quoting a famous line, from the original O.W. H., about the author of "America" . . . *Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.*

It simply can't be done. The Smiths refuse to be concealed, particularly in

Document 38a. Here they are revealed as the most numerous, also the most courageous, of all the American tribes. There are exactly 56 D. S. C. Smiths, and it takes exactly five pages to narrate their prowess. In addition, there are two Schmidts, one Schmitt, one Schmitz, and one Smyth.

For my own amusement, I made a statistical study of the D. S. C. Smith family. Exactly nineteen of them were sergeants, twelve buck privates, ten first lieutenants, six corporals, four captains, two privates first class, one second lieutenant, one colonel. Geographically, they come from thirty States, as follows: Michigan, six; Pennsylvania and Ohio, five each; Maryland and North Carolina, four each; South Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Iowa, New York, Colorado, Georgia, two each. Finally, one D. S. C. Smith was provided by each of the following States: Alabama, Virginia, Kentucky, Washington, Montana, Connecticut, Vermont, Missouri, Illinois, Mississippi, Maine, Oklahoma, Oregon, and Massachusetts. One Smith (Albert M. of Kalamazoo) won his D. S. C. in

North Russia, all of the others in France.

Having done with the Smiths, let us turn to their famous competitors, the Joneses. Keeping up with them is supposed to be America's favorite pastime, but when it comes to D. S. C.'s, only three families are able to do so—the Smiths, the Browns, and the Johnsons—while the Davises are not very far behind, and the same is true of the Williams clan. Here is the score:

D. S. C. Smiths	56
D. S. C. Browns	37
D. S. C. Johnsons	30
D. S. C. Joneses	27
D. S. C. Davis's	26
D. S. C. Williams	26
D. S. C. Thompsons	21
D. S. C. Millers	21
D. S. C. Clarks	17
D. S. C. Whites	16
D. S. C. Murphys	15
D. S. C. Lees	15

Included in the Davis family is Dwight F., one-time major of infantry, later Secretary of War, who is best known for the international tennis cup of which he is the donor. Incidentally, we might mention that the Johnson family is reinforced by eleven Johnstons. In addition, there are 153 names that begin with *Mc* and twenty-one with *Mac*.

Scattered throughout the volume, on almost every page, we find such sterling American names (they proved their Americanism on the battlefield) as Sam Goldberg, Felix Beauchamp, Hylory Julewicz, Salvatore Dicarolo, Olaf S. Olsen and Watzlaw Viniarsky. Dick Oosterbann is there; also Conception Ortiz, Cornelius O'Rourke, Edward Orr, Iver Orcutt, Arlie C. Oppenheim and William O'Neill.

Many of these comrades had to zigzag their way across the globe before the D.S.C. was pinned on their uniforms. For example, Robert Nickovich was born in Montenegro, enlisted in Acme, Wyoming, and won his D.S.C. at Vladivostok on November 18, 1919. Hans L. Tveten was born in Norway, enlisted in Sand Creek,

Montana, and captured four machine guns and two Germans at Gèsnès, France. Joe Limon was born in Spain, enlisted in Seattle, and was killed while on a scouting mission near St. Thibaut, France. George De Battista was born in Malta, enlisted in San Francisco, and was decorated for heroism in Kazanka, Russia.

And when, if ever, will the heroic story of Paul von Krebs be written? He was born in Germany; he enlisted from Franklin Park, New Jersey, and died at Serpy, France, his citation asserts, "displaying exceptional bravery and voluntarily carrying wounded men to safety across shell-swept areas. Later, he took charge of two platoons whose officers had become casualties and reorganized them. Strengthening them with stragglers from other organizations, he led them into the attack at a critical moment." War, by its very nature, must be destructive, but it is a pleasure to note that many D.S.C.'s, like that of von Krebs, were awarded for deeds of mercy and the saving of human life.

Can courage be inherited? Perhaps not, but it seems to run in certain families, according to the evidence of Document 38a. Let us consult the list of Presidential names. Only six of them are missing—Washington, Lincoln, Madison, Garfield, Tyler and Taft. But one Roosevelt answers "Present" at roll call in the person of Theodore, Jr. He "exposed himself to intense machine-gun, rifle and grenade fire while he went forward and assisted in rescuing a wounded member of a raiding party." Also, "he personally led the assault companies of his battalion, and although wounded in the knee he refused to be evacuated until carried off the field." In addition, there are two Hoovers, two Coolidges, two Grants and two Monroes; also three Buchanans; six Pierces; seven Jacksons; eleven Adams's (two Johns and one Quincy); fourteen Wilsons and thirty Johnsons. Finally, there is one each of the following: Harding, McKinley, Cleveland, Arthur, Harrison, Van Buren and Jefferson.

Some day, (Continued on page 52)

6 WEEKS AGO SHE SAID: "HE'S TOO SKINNY!"



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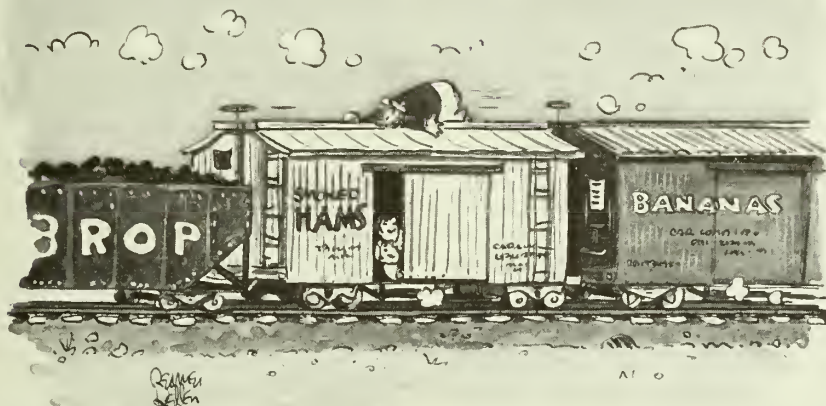
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D. S. C.

(Continued from page 51)

I presume, a high-brow professor will write an erudite thesis on "The Anatomy of Courage." He will break it down into its various ingredients, and analyze each to ascertain the nature of the whole. I hope he uses Document 38a for his source materials; they are here—authentic, diversified and abundant. And they prove, in my humble opinion, that courage is a distinctly personal and individual quality. It is not a matter of birth within certain boundaries, for the soldiers who won the D.S.C. were born within 48 States and twenty-six different countries. It is not a matter of rural or urban environment, for the sidewalks of New York, the West Virginia hills and the plains of Kansas furnished their quota of D.S.C.'s, not forgetting the woodlands "where flows the Oregon." It is not a matter of caste, for our compilation indicates that patrician and plebeian, rich man and poor man, can both be heroic in hour of sacrifice and peril.

What is it, then? Well, here are the phrases which resound most frequently through 38a, finally fusing themselves into a formidable chorus of heroism: *Disregarding his sufferings . . . At imminent peril to his life . . . Under a continuous shower of machine-gun bullets . . . With the utmost coolness and complete disregard for his own safety . . . He volunteered to rescue five wounded men in No Man's Land; by fearlessly passing back and forth through enemy fire he succeeded.* Such is the litany of the D.S.C.

May I read a few more citations into the record? Here is that of William H. Bowman (Sergeant, Company B, 339th Infantry) of Detroit, but born in Penn Laird, Virginia:

"During the engagement at Tulgas, North Russia, rather than order any of his men to take the risk, he personally delivered a message over a road torn and swept by machine-gun and shell fire. On March 1, 1919, when knee-deep in snow, and after he had been exposed for almost three hours to a temperature below zero and to enemy fire, he was mortally wounded while passing down the firing line in an heroic effort to keep up the spirits of his men. Posthumously awarded; medal presented to widow."

And here is the citation of a chaplain, Reverend Thomas E. Swan (rank of captain, 125th Infantry, 32d Division, of Saginaw, Michigan):

"During the heavy fighting near the Ourcq River this officer was in the front lines at all times, under heavy machine-gun and artillery fire throughout the day and night, comforting and aiding the wounded. On one occasion he crossed a field 200 yards wide under violent shell-fire to minister to two soldiers who had been mortally wounded. In the opera-

tions near Mont St. Martin he continually went back and forth over the crest of a hill during heavy artillery fire to care for the wounded."

The Great Teacher once said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is how Willard D. Purdy (Sergeant, Company A, 127th Infantry, of Marshfield, Wisconsin) obeyed the great commandment:

"Upon returning with his patrol after a reconnaissance of the enemy's lines, Sergeant Purdy was calling the roll of his men and collecting their hand grenades when the pin of one of the grenades became disengaged. Seeing that the grenade could not be thrown away without injuring some of the men, Sergeant Purdy called on them all to run, while he picked up three of the grenades, and bending over held them against his stomach. The grenade exploded, killing Sergeant Purdy, but his presence of mind and self-sacrificing act saved the lives of his comrades. Posthumously awarded; medal presented to mother."

Is comment necessary? Rather, is comment possible? I think not; and so I pass on to a final citation. John R. Lamb, of Rockford, Michigan, is the hero of it. He was a sergeant of Company C, 107th Field Signal Battalion, 32d Division. The time of his heroism was August 28 to September 4, 1918; the place, near Juigny, north of Soissons, France. Here is the heart-stirring episode:

"When heavy shelling and machine-gun fire destroyed telephone communications, Sergeant Lamb, without orders and upon his own initiative, went out and repeatedly patrolled the line, making repairs and re-establishing communication. Thereafter he continued to patrol the lines, constantly improving connections and placing the line in protected places. He worked indefatigably day and night during a period of seven days, and refused to rest or seek a place of safety while he could find work to do. When he saw the body of his brother who had been killed in action, he did not falter but remained on duty as before. He was finally forced to go to a hospital by reason of complete exhaustion. By his bravery and devotion to duty he so distinguished himself as to become the object of admiration by brother officers and soldiers."

These D.S.C.'s of 1917-1920 must mean something for the America of today; they must have some message—pregnant, practical and personal—for John W. Doughboy turned civilian, plus his wife and his kids and his cousin, William H. Everyman, all of Hometown, U.S.A.

In these latter days, when doubting Thomases and pessimistic Jonathans portray Man as a selfish, helpless, burned-

out atom doomed to incompetence, uselessness and despair, the D.S.C.'s bring us a message of faith, of hope, of encouragement; that American manhood and womanhood have not degenerated; that self-abnegation, unselfishness and valor are still integral parts of the national soul.

Daring, Sacrifice, Courage—D.S.C. Are they restricted to the past tense?

Known But to God

(Continued from page 11)

U-boats. Destroyers and sub-chasers must be built in a hurry and gobs trained in a hurry.

Let us look under the War Department roof into that little room where the A. E. F. was born. Here a very erect man, tanned by the sun of the Mexican border, was very busy. Out of the confusion of Allied advice, jealousies and squabbling we had learned that the real aim of both the British and French was to feed our men into their armies as recruits.

Thus we should have no army in France of our own. General Pershing and a group of experts were being sent to France to find out just how many soldiers—above the few who were to "show the flag"—we should have to send to France and what they would have to do to win the war.

Let us look into Secretary Baker's office when Pershing's dispatch in answer came early in July, 1917. Pershing said that we should have to send a million men to France and prepare to send two millions. That was a revelation for the White House that must be concealed lest it break the weary backs of the French and stiffen the spines of the Germans. To send soldiers to France and supply them we must have ships, and we had little shipping.

Out over the country we may again see the cantonments building for the first million. Under the dome of the Capitol we may see Secretary Baker blindfolded as he drew the first number of the draft.

It is worth while remembering again how worried people were lest the draft riots of the Civil War be repeated as men resisted the draft. Government guardians and self-appointed guardians would keep the boys in line. But your number was called; you went.

It was in the game to make the movement to the cantonments a gay excursion even if it were to be your lot to be sent home in a coffin. Ahead was the most intensive military training recruits have ever received. They had to do a year's work in three months.

A long rubber mat is laid on the granite pavement to ease the tread of the regular who paces back and forth before the tomb of the Unknown. When he is relieved he will go to a warm shower in the

Have they gone out of fashion? I refuse to believe it. The colorful pageant of embattled America, fighting and winning an economic war against poverty and maladjustment on a nation-wide front, is incontrovertible evidence that the D.S.C. spirit—Devotion, Selflessness, Conscience—can still work miracles comparable in essence, if different in aspect, to those of stirring days.

barracks, a square meal and a good bed.

If he should have the experience the man under the block of stone had he would have soft footing at times. But that soft footing would be sloughs of mud. Under his sixty-pound pack he would also pound the long hard road and work his way through tangles of barbed wire and up blood-soaked, slippery slopes.

The showers he got would be chill rain soaking him to the skin. He would lie in a foxhole under all the stuff Heinie could throw. His wet blanket, if he still had a blanket, would feel like an ice-pack. His square meal would be any corned willy or goldfish he had left. He would be burned by mustard gas as a counter-irritant for the cooties.

How good the Unknown's khaki looked to the people in the days when khaki was in fashion! We could not have too many of him then. How we cheered the marching columns with their eyes on France! Hearts were in throats at the thought that some who were on their way over there would have their last glimpse of the homeland as the transport took them out of sight of shore.

A thousand questions rise before the tomb of the Unknown, twenty years after.

How did he lose his identification tag? Was it blown off by a shell? Was his head, or an arm or foot missing as the pieces of him were fitted together for burial?

Did he "get it" the first time he was in an attack or after he had one wound stripe and had been patched up at the hospital to fight again? Or was he mashed in the wreckage of a dugout when a big one Heinie sent over made a bull's-eye? Was he woozy and staggering from the flu as he rose from a foxhole to clean out a machine-gun nest which met him with a burst of bullets? Or wounded already and hugging a shell crater when another shell hit the same spot? We shall never know.

We might know if he could come back to earth. Suppose, by some magic, he could, twenty years after we went to war. He would have as many questions to ask us as we had to ask him.

One of his questions might be just how he did get it if his consciousness had been suddenly snuffed (Continued on page 54)

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Known But to God

(Continued from page 53)

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out by a bullet through the heart or by having his head mashed by a shell burst.

He would have the answer to the question we often asked through the war: "How will the war end? If I am killed I shall never know."

Was he killed in our early days in the trenches just after the draft men went to the cantonments? Then our Army was young. Then he may not have realized the long fight ahead. Killed during the German drives of 1918? Then the out-

WHILE the Unknown Soldier rests in his tomb at Arlington, surrounded on all sides by men whose names are indelibly written in the military history of the Republic, his comrades of The American Legion have not permitted him or the other hundreds who fell in France and Flanders "whose names are known but to God," to pass from memory. Pilgrimages to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier are made at frequent intervals by groups of Legionnaires from Departments far and near, by comrades in arms who served under other flags, distinguished men from our own and foreign nations, and by patriotic groups and societies. Then, of course, a pilgrimage nation wide in character is made at the annual Armistice Day celebration at the National Cemetery, when the Tomb is piled high with floral tributes, and on Memorial Day when, by almost universal custom, we garland the graves of our dead.

Many years ago it was found necessary to have someone in or about the National Capital charged with the duty of coordinating these pilgrimages, and to represent the national organization of The

about what happened to their son was that "missing" was marked on his card among the millions of cards in the rows on rows of steel filing cases in the War Department.

If he had not been married, what about the sweetheart he left behind him? Perhaps he left two behind, being unable to decide between the two. Had number one and number two both found good husbands?

He might ask if there was as much

American Legion. It was not found practicable to appoint some distinguished Legionnaire to act each time the need for such representation arose. The situation was laid before the National Convention at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1929, resulting in the creation of the National Pilgrimage Committee. Since that time the Committee has gone about its work quietly, efficiently and unostentatiously and each year has a long report of accomplishment to make. Its duties have been expanded from year to year, commensurate with its work.

Though not a specific requirement, it has been found expedient to select a Chairman and personnel of the committee from the Departments contiguous to the National Capital. The Committee has for its Chairman, William N. Morrell, of Bethesda, Maryland, who has served in that capacity since 1933. His associates are E. Ralph James, of Hampton, Virginia, and Clyde B. Stovall, of Washington, D. C. The work of the National Pilgrimage Committee is separate and apart from that of the 1937 Foreign Pilgrimage Committee.

look was black under the clouds of disaster. Then Marshal Foch was calling not only for two millions but for four millions such as he from America. Killed in the final week of the Meuse-Argonne? Then the thought was: "We shan't be long, now."

But his first question, if he had been married, would be about the wife he left behind and about the child who was born after he had gone overseas. Had the people forgotten that, while she had her little allowance, her neighbor was the wife of a munitions worker getting ten or even fifteen dollars a day?

How was his widow being cared for now that he was not there to care for her? Were his father and mother still living? Were they on relief? Or were they comfortable? All they would ever know

cheering to welcome the soldiers home after they won the war as there was in speeding them to France. The answer would be that there was not so much. They were no longer needed.

The dimming public memory would have other surprises for him. He would learn that many people now think we won the war by signing checks for the Allies, and that the men in the training camps had a pleasant holiday at home and those who went to France had a care-free foreign tour without taking any risks.

"We seem to have got a lot of things wrong about that war, in the last twenty years," I hear him saying. "But some of us must have done a little fighting. I wouldn't have lost my tag if I had been run over by a general's car in the rear

or come down with the flu while doing the Paris boulevards. If we weren't fighting just why were we marching to the front past the returning ambulances so that the ambulances we passed should have passengers on the next trip?"

I CAN imagine the spirit of the Unknown walking the streets of his home town, happy if those whom he loved are cared for or agonized over his incapacity to help them if they are not, hunting up old buddies, revisiting his cantonment which may now be in ruins, and recalling the scenes there in his day, and having another look at the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor.

He would learn all that had happened at home and in Europe in twenty years. He would hear cynical remarks about that slogan of "Make the World Safe for Democracy." But he would not forget the days when the passion of our people ran high; not forget that he fought to lick the Kaiser; not forget that he fought for America, in the long run; fought to get out of war's vise in victory and return home.

He would find that our effort in 1917-18 has been belittled. The Allies have helped us to belittle it. Because they have forgotten how they prayed to us for salvation and how they flattered us to get us into the war and to keep us fighting, as they may flatter us to get us into another war, shall we intentionally forget our part?

The story of the American soldier in tin hat fighting his way past the châteaux of France is immortal history. He had part in the greatest crusade of all time. The wonder of it, three thousand miles from home, is only exceeded by the wonder of what we did overseas and at home. We made an American world in France in which our Government paid our way and our hosts' way in order that we might have a share in their privilege of being shot at.

Ours was a high mission in which we believed. In return for victory we sought no reward in territory or money. If it is said that we fought for an illusion, then the answer is that men may fight as val-

iantly and endure as much hardship for an illusion as for a reality. No subsequent event can lessen the stupendous achievement of sending two millions of men to France and drilling more men to make it another million to win the war. For win we must and win we did.

"Lest we forget" is in order twenty years afterward. Lest we forget our part then and its lessons and all that the Unknown Soldier stands for in the spirit of the whole!

If he came back to earth he would learn about how a sergeant of Regulars placed a bunch of flowers upon his as one of four caskets of unknowns in making the selection. A naval cruiser was sent to bring him home with all naval honors. That was fitting, as the Navy had guarded the passage of the two millions through the danger zone.

The most impressive military and state ceremony in our history marked his burial. His old commander-in-chief, President Wilson, rose from his sick bed to ride behind the casket. Marshal Foch, Earl Beatty, General Pershing and other allied commanders placed upon it the highest decorations for courage of their countries.

I can hear him saying, "What good do all these honors do me now?" What good if his widow and orphans have not been cared for? I can hear him asking, as spokesman for the whole, if the widows and orphans of others have been neglected.

HE WOULD know, too, out of fresh memory, that all wounds in war are not of the flesh. He would be aware of the unseen scars—the mental scars—of men who subjected body and mind to the intensive drill and the harness of discipline under the great pressure in answer to the call of Allied disasters to make haste or the war would be lost. He would want the profit taken out of war for those not in uniform when those in uniform get no profit. And he would favor share and share alike in the cost and hardships of another war.

Lest we forget—twenty years after, a hundred years after!

The Perpetual Epidemic: Syphilis

(Continued from page 21)

hospital at Hines, Illinois, not long ago when eighty patients admitted in the common routine were given the Wassermann test.

In sixteen of those cases the result was positive, though none of the patients, so far as I know, had applied for treatment for syphilis. Most of them were unaware that they had it. Records of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, show that three out of five patients in whom syphilis was discovered were ignorant of the nature of their affliction.

This is understandable because once syphilis passes from the initial to the later stages it assumes a number of aliases, most of which may be mentioned in polite circles with perfect freedom. It attacks, specifically, the arteries, the brain and the bones.

Seven percent of all heart disease is of known syphilitic origin, and ten percent of all insanity. Both paralysis and blindness are frequent results of syphilis. Frequently the presence of the disease is discovered only (Continued on page 56)



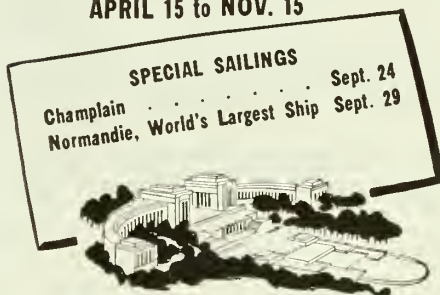
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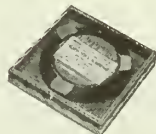
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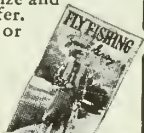


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The Perpetual Epidemic: Syphilis

(Continued from page 55)

at an autopsy. That's entirely too late.

A highly distinguished English authority ranks syphilis with tuberculosis, pneumonia and cancer as one of the four leading causes of death. Another gives it the first place. Syphilis is the greatest single cause of involuntary miscarriages, of still-births and of deformed and diseased infants. An afflicted mother has one chance in ten of bringing a healthy baby into the world. If she begins treatment not later than the fifth month of pregnancy she has nine chances out of ten of giving birth to a normal child.

In past generations syphilis spread because medical science was unable to cope with it. That is no longer the case. Syphilis is now much more easily and inexpensively treated than tuberculosis, which has been reduced by two-thirds in thirty years. It can be wiped out to the extent that smallpox has been wiped out, but it will take longer because of certain considerations inherent in the disease and because of the prevailing ignorance of it.

To achieve this happy end we must regard syphilis as a medical and not a moral problem. That is now the main trouble. Syphilis is supposed to be an affliction of the underworld and those who play about its fringe, and right-living folk, by this theory, are in relatively little danger. Nothing could be further from the truth.

To preach against prostitution (and all prostitutes are likely to be diseased) and against promiscuity is all very well, but that is not the basis on which to tackle the syphilis problem. General Parran estimates that possibly fifty percent of those afflicted contracted the disease in manners involving no infraction of the code of sexual morality. He believes that the clandestine love-affair is probably as prolific a source of infection as commercialized prostitution, each being responsible for about a quarter of the cases.

If we are to stamp out the plague, ignorance, indifference, prudery must first be swept away. Adequate, accessible and free or inexpensive centers of treatment must be provided. The Wassermann, the best known and most frequently used blood test for syphilis, does not show the presence of the disease in its earliest stage, when a permanent cure is most easily effected. The sore or lesion which is the first outward sign of syphilis appears at the point of contact with the infection from twelve to forty days after exposure. Fortunately, a careful dark-field microscopic examination of secretions from this sore will usually show the spirochaete of syphilis. A common tragedy of syphilis is where a young man (or woman) may go promptly to a doctor, who does not use this dark-field test, secures a Wassermann and finds it negative. Nothing may be done for years.

By that time the disease has affected the arteries, let us say, and if discovered, will be treated under another name. Meanwhile, the chances of a cure greatly diminish. In the primary stage, when the dark-field examination is the surest aid to the physician in making his diagnosis, permanent cures result in 86 percent of all cases. When treatment is delayed until the positive blood test stage is reached the percentage of cures drops sharply. Advanced syphilis and its ramifications through the human system can be arrested, but damaged structures cannot be replaced.

Thus the medical profession bears a share of responsibility in the matter. A layman is not supposed to know that the Wassermann is not an infallible indicator. The dark-field test should always be made, and if negative, followed later by blood tests unless the physician is able to exclude syphilis from his diagnosis.

Not only are existing facilities for the diagnosis and treatment of syphilis wholly inadequate, but treatment itself is haphazard. The latter is often the patient's fault. The extent to which afflicted persons rely on self-administered drug-store nostrums is unknown, but it is great. These "remedies" are uniformly worthless. Another batch of patients falls into the hands of advertising quacks.

Of the 518,000 early syphilitic cases which annually present themselves for treatment by physicians in private practice or at clinics, only a small portion stick with the doctor long enough to effect a real cure. Although a patient ceases to be infectious for others promptly after proper treatment is begun, from forty to fifty consecutive weeks of treatment is necessary to insure permanent non-infectiousness, and eighteen months at least to bring about a probable cure or complete arresting of the disease in early cases. Older cases may require much longer treatment.

Superficial manifestations of the disease can be eliminated in a few weeks, however, and that is as far as many patients go. Then begin the real ravages of syphilis, which may not disclose themselves for several years.

Much good spade-work for an organization to deal with this menace has been done. Forty-six States require physicians to report venereal diseases, though only in a few States is this regulation even reasonably observed. These same States provide free diagnostic laboratory service to physicians, including the dark-field test. Twenty-five States will provide physicians with free drugs for treating syphilis. Twenty-two States operate or subsidize a total of 511 clinics for free treatment. Others are operated by cities, towns and private charities. Yet none of these

facilities, available to both physicians and the public, is used to the extent that it should be used. The basic reason is the ignorance and indifference of the public.

Once public opinion has been aroused the facilities will increase and people will use them. We are in that stage of the fight now. America is just waking up to the fact that it should do something about this most common of all contagious diseases. Since General Parran two years ago was refused the privilege of speaking about syphilis over the air, a beginning has been made which compared with the say-nothing, see-nothing and do-nothing policy of the past is indeed encouraging.

If we go on arousing the public and providing the facilities, and then can induce people to use the facilities—syphilis will be mastered within a comparatively few decades. In 1919 Sweden had 6,000 new cases, in 1934 a mere 500. This was done by the faithful reporting of cases, the provision of free treatment for those who could not pay for it, and the enforcement of a regulation making treatment compulsory. The population of Sweden is about equal to that of New York, which annually treats about 25,000 cases. In Great Britain there is no compulsion, emphasis being laid on the availability of free treatment. The decline is not so great as in Sweden, though since 1920 admissions to the free clinics have been cut in half.

The United States Public Health Service is at work with the state boards of health and with the medical profession generally on plans best suited to meet local conditions in this country.

A limited amount of money for Public Health use in the States has been granted

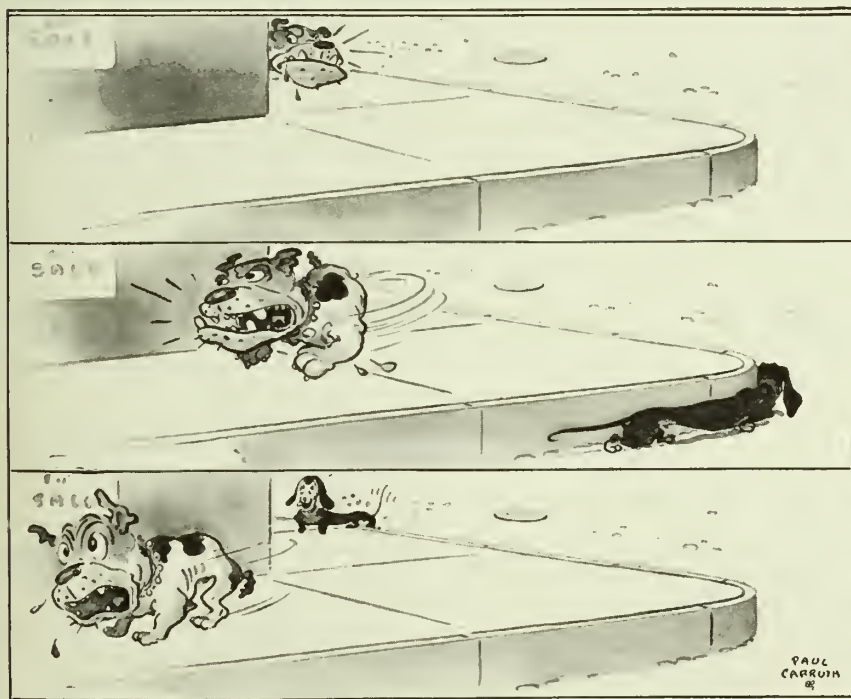
through the Social Security Board appropriations. It is distributed under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, who lay down the terms of its allotment. An insufficient proportion of this is earmarked for the fight against venereal disease. A more adequate amount has been asked of the Congress by the Conference on Venereal Disease Control Work and the Conference of State and Territorial Health Officers recently held in Washington.

The Army and Navy are at work. Posts of the Legion which may be growing slightly anemic because of lack of something objective and beneficial to do can join up with near or remote health authorities or associations to help seek out and alleviate this scourge, and I am certain that no Post would fail of assistance to anyone seeking to establish a clinic dealing with this disease, or to help in every possible way.

The realization of these plans will cost money, but, taking a narrow dollars and cents view of the situation, the cheapest way to deal with syphilis is to spend the money to fight this epidemic *now*. Had it been any other disease we would have stopped it long ago, perhaps even by compulsory means as in Sweden. Sometimes I think we in America are a little too afraid of that word compulsion.

Let us not sleep on our arms. Paul De Kruif tells me that it's a scandalous squandering of money to be sick with syphilis and still more wasteful to die of it. Many of our rural communities have not the facilities for its treatment. But any reputable physician in any town knows the symptoms and what should be done about the disease.

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Terraplane	Nash	Goodyear	Firestone	Raymond Travelo
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POST OFFICE & STATE

Post No.

Would We Get In Again?

(Continued from page 19)

and said, "Never Again! No more war for me, now or ever."

Soldiers and sailors of this democracy admittedly got a raw deal in the last war and most of them knew it. While they were living uncomfortable lives under military discipline, many of them facing wounds and death, they drew the princely stipend of thirty to thirty-three dollars a month.

They were told that this couldn't be helped and that as patriots they should go ahead and do their duty. They accepted this statement and did their jobs well. But when they got home and found that many of their acquaintances who had managed to dodge the recruiting sergeant or duck the draft had made a lot of money they decided that there was something remarkably cock-eyed about the situation. One and all, they decided that this should never happen again.

This is one of the reasons why The American Legion is one of the most potent forces in our nation in behalf of peace. Legionnaires saw the last war from its seamy side and they don't want to repeat the experience. Nor do they want to see their sons and their neighbor's sons go through a similar ordeal.

But the United States is not populated exclusively by Legionnaires. If it were Congress would have no worries about keeping our country out of Europe's battles. There are other sections of the country's population whose sentiments are not so deeply and firmly moulded against America's entrance into foreign wars. Some of these sincerely believe that if war comes to Europe we ought to line up on one side or the other. Others may be influenced by the hope of what they consider legitimate gain. Others again, a vast mass of our people, might probably be swept along toward war by mysterious tides of whose very existence they would be only dimly conscious.

Take the banker for example. Recently it was fashionable to call bankers uncomplimentary names, but this is neither fair nor just. The average American banker is a patriotic individual. He is a good citizen in his community and works hard for the general welfare and his own well being.

War seems to provide the banker with a good many of these desirable conditions. In the last war, for example, the Allied powers spent nearly fifteen billion dollars in this country, a vast proportion of it through bankers, big and little. Ten per cent commission on this sum would amount to a billion and a half dollars. This was a nice sum, but only a beginning of the profits made by banks. There were giant loans to industries and many other items.

Obviously the average banker's experience in our war with Germany was quite different from that of the average Legionnaire, and equally obviously he would look on participation in another European struggle in quite another way.

The position of the heavy industries in regard to war and the war-cycle is much the same as that of the banker and banking. Iron, steel and the metal trades absorbed from five to six billion dollars of wartime business. Pig iron went from a little more than twelve dollars a ton in 1914 to nearly forty in 1917. It went higher later. Finished products showed an even greater increase in price. Steel shares went from about forty to a thousand and more dollars apiece. It was a great financial and industrial jag but it was not so much fun to pay for it during the depression years. The anti-war groups in Congress are determined it shall not happen again.

So much for the "big fellows" of our nation's business. The little fellows in many sections of American life profited in a similarly startling fashion. In 1914 cotton stood at a little more than nine cents a bale. This spelled disaster for the South. The "Buy a Bale" Movement was started to save the cotton planters and share-croppers from ruin.

With the onset of the war-expansion cycle cotton went to fourteen cents in 1916, twenty-three cents in 1917 and touched thirty-three cents in 1919. Meantime wheat had climbed up from a one-dollar-a-bushel mark in 1914 to three dollars in 1919.

Somebody figured out that a farmer with a dusty quarter-section of land in the Northwest could make an \$8,000 crop each reasonably favorable year. And the demand for wheat seemed inexhaustible. But of course there was a collapse.

Then there is labor. In the flush days of the last World War, labor came into its own. Or thought it did. In 1917 and 1918 when our war-effort hit its peak, hatchet-and-saw carpenters and unskilled day laborers were paid twenty dollars a day on many jobs.

Shipyard workmen wore silk shirts and drove to their jobs in expensive cars. Their wives rejoiced in mink coats,

and silk stockings at five dollars a pair. At twenty dollars a day, working twenty days a month, a laborer's income would touch \$4,800 a year.

Most of the boys who earned these sums have been on relief for a good portion of the time since, but they won't remember that if the twenty-dollar days ever come into sight again.

This is what the anti-war groups in Congress mean when they talk about the rising spiral of the economic war-cycle. Modern wars, they say, are entirely economic in their origins and in their functioning. And this is how the economics of the matter will function in regard to the United States. If the bankers, the chiefs of industry, the farmers and the laboring class want us to get into Europe's next war, what can the rest of us do about it?

The desire to do something about it before it becomes too late is the motive behind the flood of bills introduced in the present session of Congress. The majority of the bills represent two views held by extensive groups of members of the House and Senate.

The first viewpoint from which the subject was approached dealt with neutrality. Virtually all our legislators agreed that strict provisions ought to be enacted now to keep our nation neutral in the event of a new European struggle, but in the early days of the session there was considerable difference as to how it should be accomplished.

All agreed that loans to belligerents ought to be prohibited and that the manufacture and export of munitions of war ought to be forbidden. All were also in accord that American citizens ought to be kept off the ships of belligerent nations so that if these were torpedoed and sunk the destruction of American lives would not give rise to a clamor for war.

The differences of opinion arose over what should be done about restricting commerce in such staple articles as cotton, wheat, food, steel and manufactured goods. When the legislation was in its formative stage there were groups that held the opinion that we should refuse entirely to restrict our commerce in anything except (Continued on page 60)

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HARVEY DUNN, who painted the cover design of this issue, is a member of DeWitt Coleman Post of Tenafly, New Jersey.

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Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT

January 31, 1937

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 645,379.78
Notes and accounts receivable.....	49,926.09
Inventories.....	147,812.04
Invested funds.....	1,429,883.44
Permanent investment—Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund....	192,725.69
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation.....	128,597.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	35,462.42
Deferred charges.....	20,500.06
	<u>\$2,650,287.16</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 56,230.89
Funds restricted as to use.....	52,426.16
Deferred income.....	466,356.57
Permanent trust—Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	192,725.69
	<u>\$ 767,739.31</u>
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital... \$1,326,895.83	
Unrestricted capital 555,652.02	\$1,882,547.85
	<u>\$2,650,287.16</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Would We Get In Again?

(Continued from page 59)

in supplying credit and actual munitions.

Holders of this opinion maintained we should strengthen our Army and Navy, declare for full application of the doctrine of freedom of the seas as laid down in international law, and stand ready to enforce our rights with our armed forces in the event of the slightest infringement by any of the belligerents. This view was held by many influential members of the House and Senate, but it did not command a great deal of general support because it seemed evident to most legislators that any such course would be more likely to involve us in war than keep us out of it.

Exponents of a second viewpoint held that on the outbreak of war we should be prepared to surrender a large section of our legal rights and give up a portion of our foreign commerce in the interest of practical peace. This viewpoint comprised among its supporters a great majority of the members of Congress, and although at first there was considerable difference of opinion as to how far the process should go and the manner in which control of war-exports should be applied, these were eventually harmonized in the Pittman Bill.

This is an excellent measure and should be the beginning of a sound neutrality policy if war comes. It places a watertight embargo on the export of all arms, ammunition and articles of war, and bans all loans and credits to belligerents on the outbreak of hostilities abroad.

As to articles outside the classification of munitions, it adopts the "cash and carry" principle. That is, it provides that any foreign agency may purchase in this country any food-stuffs or staple goods of commerce for which it has the funds. But it gives to the President power to declare any of these classes of goods illegal for export by American agencies. Goods that are placed in these categories may be taken to the dock on American trains and trucks, but at the waterside they must be placed on foreign vessels to be transported to their destinations. All American ownership of such goods must terminate at the coast-line, and no American insurance company may insure them.

In addition the measure makes it unlawful for American citizens to travel on ships or aircraft of belligerent nations, gives the President power to limit the use of American ports by belligerent submarines or armed merchantmen, and forbids American merchant ships to carry cannon, fear of which might cause them to be sunk without warning by a belligerent submarine.

Aside from the neutrality question, a second group of bills deals with arresting the economic cycle of war.

The bills for arresting the economic cycle of wartime expansion and "taking the profit out of war" fall under two heads, differing principally in the amount of profit they intend to take. The first of these is the Legion bill, introduced into the Senate by Senator Sheppard of Texas, Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee.

This has been worked out in great detail over a long period by experts of the Legion and of Congress. It provides for price fixing, rigid control of industry, and taxes that shall come as near as possible for paying for any war in which the United States is engaged while war is actually being waged.

Income taxes rise in steep jumps to the higher brackets. Practically all excess profits are taken by the nation. The aim of the bill, according to the statements of those who prepared it, is to take all profits from business and industry that are traceable to war, but to leave to each the normal profits of years of peace. It appears admirably designed to accomplish these ends.

The second bill, introduced by Senator Nye for himself and for Senators Clark, Bone, Vandenberg and Pope, is similar in intent and design, but infinitely more drastic. Senator Sheppard maintains that the Legion bill cuts war-profits to the bone. If this is true, Senator Nye's bill chisels off a large section of the bone as well. Income taxes begin at \$1,000 for a married couple with a tax of sixty dollars a year and mount rapidly to 93 percent of all income in excess of \$20,000. Corporation and other taxes are equally drastic.

It seems a well and carefully drawn bill, terrifically stringent. Should it be passed it would certainly remove all the financial inducements to war which may exist for any class of American citizens. Its opponents claim that its weakness is that its provisions not only remove all incentive to foreign war but all financial incentive to effort for home defense as well.

The above are some of the points of view embodied in the neutrality legislation and legislation to take the profits out of war, in the present session of Congress. This legislation is important in a legal way, but it is even more significant in that it expresses the determination of a vast mass of American citizens to keep out of Europe's wars, even if it costs this country some temporary war-prosperity and some paper profits.

Even the most optimistic do not believe that whatever is done at present will prove the final answer to the problem of insulating the United States from the effect of disturbances abroad. If war

comes there will be other bills, other measures, as the experiences of the time prove them necessary. But this session marks the beginning of legislative effort on a large scale to solve the problems of keeping America at home and at peace.

The Duke of Wellington was of opinion

that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of English public schools. The legislative groundwork laid now may some day decide with equal finality whether or not American dollars and American soldiers shall ever again play a part in the campaigns and battles of Europe.

THE WOMEN'S PATRIOTIC CONFERENCE

AGAIN the patriotic women of America have voiced their full support of a program of preparedness for their country. With the lessons learned from the war that was to end wars long since forgotten and with increasing reports of invasions of conquest, of economic and political strife and other disorders in countries throughout the globe, any or all of which might provide the spark to start another world-wide conflagration, the women have restated their conviction that the only way to insure peace for our own nation is to be prepared against war.

During the closing days of January, 741 accredited representatives of more than a million women, comprising the membership of forty patriotic societies, assembled in Washington, D. C., from the forty-eight States, from Alaska, Hawaii and the Canal Zone. The Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense was the twelfth in a series called for the purpose of considering and recommending plans for the greater security of our country and for the firmer establishment of peace through security.

In her welcoming speech, Mrs. Oscar W. Hahn, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, who served as Chairman of the Conference, expressed the purposes of the meeting in these words: "You bring with you the hopes and beliefs of a vast majority of American women. We are here to consider how those hopes and beliefs can be translated into actual steps which will bring about the security of our country, to chart a course and provide a common starting point for all the millions of patriotic women who are seeking to go forward to the service of peace and safety for our country."

That the deliberations of these women bear weight far beyond their own group is proved by the careful consideration given by Congress to their recommendations and by the fact that many Congressmen attend the annual sessions. Men prominent in the Government and representatives of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps brought to the Conference messages on national defense, although the meetings were not confined to listening to speeches. One entire session was devoted to an open forum wherein delegates were invited to question authorities on our military establishment concerning problems in which they had a particular interest.

National Commander Colmery, who made the principal address at the mass

meeting which opened the Conference, said in part: "Conscious of the fact that national defense is our national life, fire, theft and property insurance, we seek to have the Government meet the most solemn obligation imposed upon it by the Constitution: 'To provide for the common defense,' and thus, while other nations gird for war, to have America consolidate the opportunities for continued peace." He explained in concise terms the provisions of the Universal Service Act for which the Legion has long fought and upon which it places its trust as a bulwark of peace. The Act received the full endorsement of the women of the Conference and copies of the resolution of approval were delivered to the members of the Military Affairs Committees of the House and Senate by a special committee of its delegates.

Among the other resolutions adopted were those that contained recommendations for the maintenance of a strict policy of neutrality by the United States; the support of legislative and other activities looking to the military preparedness of our armed forces; the endorsement of proposed legislation pertaining to restricted immigration, mandatory deportation and the prohibition of the employment of aliens in the Federal Government; the withholding of approval of citizenship applications of aliens who express an unwillingness to bear arms for the United States; the withdrawal of our country's recognition of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; opposition to the modification or cancellation of foreign war debts, refusal of future loans to nations that have defaulted on obligations, and an expression of appreciation to the President of the United States for his devotion to the principle of national defense.

That the women's interest in the subject of national defense does not end with the closing of the Conference is assured in a resolution recommending that each of the participating organizations through its local units, form study classes to educate its members and the general public in the subjects that had been discussed and upon which action had been taken.

In the Extension Committee meeting, following adjournment, the National President of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars was elected Chairman of the 1938 conference. The National President of The American Legion Auxiliary will serve as First Vice-Chairman.

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Your Flag and Michigan's

(Continued from page 33)

families and friends. The Legionnaires had a carnival uniform designed in the colors of the organization—blue with a gold background—which had all the gayness of caarnival creation, but still maintained enough of the sobriety of a military uniform.

The center of activity was the huge ice palace, which was built entirely of great blocks of ice and had all the appearance of a medieval castle. The palace was located near the State Capitol and was erected at a cost of \$35,000. Its crystalline walls were floodlighted in rainbow colors. Indians from the North set up their tepees within the castle. Alaskan dog teams played about it. Statuary in snow and ice adorned its halls. It was the domain of King Boreas himself.

When the last elements of the final parade had passed through the ice palace, where upwards of 200,000 people had witnessed the moving pageantry of color, bands and floats, King Boreas abdicated his throne. The Fire King ordered the palace destroyed. His troops moved into position and began a spectacular cannonade and bombardment of fireworks. The castle, which occupied the whole square block, was illuminated with bursting colored skyrockets and fantastic firework displays. The Winter Carnival had come to an end. The St. Paul and Minnesota Legion had achieved another notable civic undertaking. Already they are looking forward to and making plans for King Boreas IV in 1938, assured that there will be plenty of snow and cold weather to lend the same color to his reign as that during the reign of King Boreas III.

That First Bonus

IN THE September number the Step-Keeper told of the early bird record of Legionnaire L. O. Powell, of Horse Creek Valley Post of Graniteville, South Carolina, in receiving his adjusted compensation bonds and obtaining early payment. It was believed that Mr. Powell had established a record—he received his bonds on June 13, 1936, and at 8:50 in the morning of June 15th they were certified for payment by the Postmaster at Graniteville. Now comes V. A. Gallion, long time Adjutant of Boyce-Houser Post of Keyser, West Virginia, with the statement that Legionnaire C. G. Dick, of Elk Garden, West Virginia—a member of Boyce-Houser Post—has tied, if not beaten, the record of Mr. Powell. Adjutant Gallion says that Mr. Dick's bonds were received at the post-office at Elk Garden at 8:55 in the morning of June 13th, and that they were signed for and delivered to the veteran

addressed at 9:20 A.M. on the same date. No report has as yet been made of a veteran who received his bonds earlier than the morning of June 13th.

Legion Memorial Highway

ONE of the most permanent and enduring forms of World War memorial is the recently dedicated American Legion Memorial Highway crossing Morris County, New Jersey, from Livingston on the east to Ledgewood, near the western border. Considered by engineers to be one of the finest stretches of roadway in the country, with fifteen miles of scenic hills and valleys through the heart of Jersey, convention-bound Legionnaires will have an added thrill of pleasure next September as they drive over this highway en route to their march up Fifth Avenue.

The memorial highway movement was inaugurated by the Morris County Committee of The American Legion. An enabling act to so designate a part of Route 10 was introduced and passed by both branches of the 1936 legislature, which, on March 16th, was signed by Legionnaire Governor Harold G. Hoffman and became law. Artistic markers have been set up along the line of this splendid stretch of two-lane safety highway designating it as "The American Legion Memorial Highway."

The highway traverses a section rich in historic interest, and follows a route over which the Revolutionary Army under Washington marched and counter-marched. Points of interest on the highway and adjacent to it include Washington's Headquarters at Morristown; Jockey Hollow cemetery, and points of interest at Whippany, Dover, Succasunna and Ledgewood.

One-Man Campaign

V. M. Wigner, Adjutant of Buford Rockafellow Post at Winlock, Washington, writes: "Through the effort of Eddie K. Sullivan, Sergeant-at-arms, the membership of Buford Rockafellow Post has been increased from an average of twenty members since it was chartered in 1920, to a total of 95 for 1937, and will be further increased to 110. His work this year has netted the post an increase of just about 300 percent."

The post is located in a town of 864 population in an agricultural and dairying district, where there are no large industrial plants or public works projects. Naturally, there is much pride in the record made by this one-man membership campaign, which won for the post every membership award offered by the Department and National Organization, and

Sullivan has been further honored by appointment as membership chairman for the Tenth District. He was a delegate to the Cleveland National Convention.

Speaking of big posts in small towns, there is Warrior Post of Warrior, Alabama, which has also made a fine record and is proud of it. H. A. Doss, Service Officer, reports that the post was organ-

ized the latter part of 1934 with 47 members; jumped to 55 in 1935; 87 in 1936, and now has 100 enrolled for 1937. Warrior is a town of 650 souls. Comrade Doss thinks his Post has made a record and challenges other towns to beat it. He will hear from his comrades of other Posts, and promptly.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Hello Broadway, Good-bye France

(Continued from page 37)

55TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. I. A. Klarnet-sky, Box 73, Blackwood, N. J.

212TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunion. Report promptly to Raymond G. Fey (cpl., Co. A), 109 Shepherd av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

502D BN., ENGRS., COS. A, B, C AND D—Proposed reunion and permanent organization. Wm. J. M. Yingling, 24 E. King st., Littleton, Adams Co., Pa.

52D PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

4TH BN., INF. C. O. T. S., CAMP PIKE, ARK.—Reunion. Jos. B. Milgram, 18 Lake av., Sheeps-head Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3D F. A., BTRY. B, 6TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. Paul K. Fuhrman, 525 E. Walnut st., Hanover, Pa.

1ST SEP. BRIG. C. A. C. Assoc.—Reorganization banquet and reunion. William G. Kuenzel, 678 S. East st., Holyoke, Mass.

1ST AND 2D COS., SYRACUSE DET.—Reunion. Frank A. Vancini, Post Office, Plymouth, Mass.

28TH C. A. C.—Proposed reunion. Frank A. Vancini, Post Office, Plymouth, Mass.

312TH AMMUN. TRN., CO. G—Ralph S. Heaton, Piermont rd., Closter, N. J.

104TH F. S. BN., 29TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. George Deecken, secy., Elks Club, 2855 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

302D F. S. BN.—Reunion Hq. at 77th Div. Club-house, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Jos. W. Smith, secy., care of Clubhouse.

401ST TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. Edward B. Geary, 10 Old Orchard rd., Saco, Maine.

1ST DEPOT BN., SIG. CORPS RES., FT. WOOD, N. Y.—Proposed reunion at 165th (old 69th) Regt. Armory, New York City. Silas A. Waddell, 627 Chislett st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIR SERV. VETS.—General reunion of all air out-fits. J. E. Jennings, natl. adjt., 1128 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky.

CHATHAM (MASS.) AIR STATION—Reunion of all

veterans of 1918. Louis White, 240 Centre st., Room 115, New York City.

113TH AERO SQDRN., SQDRN. C, ELLINGTON FIELD, TEX.—Proposed reunion, officers and men. A. K. Westbrook, care of Hobart Mfg. Co., 71 Madison av., New York City.

BEAUMONT OVERSEAS CLUB, INC., 200-201st (496-497th) Aero Sqdrns.—20th annual reunion, during convention. Warren E. Wastie, secy., 6 Cedar st., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—L. J. Ford, 628 W. York st., Philadelphia, Pa.

309TH AERO SQDRN.—Waldo E. Merritt, 2 Church st., Allentown, N. J.

456TH AERO SQDRN.—William A. Skinner, 75 Cedar st., Bangor, Maine.

NATL. ASSOC. AMERICAN BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Harlo R. Hollenbeck, personnel offer., 117 Seedorf st., Battle Creek, Mich.

TANK CORPS VETS.—Reunion and dinner under auspices Tank Corps Post, A. L., New York City.

Henry W. Bellsmith, adjt., P. O. Box 589, Islip, L. I., N. Y.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE (EDGEWOOD ARSENAL and elsewhere)—Reunion and proposed permanent organization. George W. Nichols, R. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

FIRST GAS REGT.—Proposed reunion. Leo Meyerowitz, 51 Chambers st., New York City.

3D ARMY M. P. BN. (COBLENZ)—Reunion and proposed organization. Clarence P. McGee, New Iberia, La.

FIRE TRUCK AND HOSE CO. 324—Harry C. Davis, 71 Main st., Ashland, Mass.

3D HEAVY MOB. OLD REPAIR SHOP—Proposed reunion. F. S. Earnshaw, co. clerk, Moundsville, W. Va.

318TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—Annual reunion. William (Speed) Leckie, R. 1, Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.

324TH SUP. CO., A. E. (Continued on page 64)

"I have REDUCED my WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT"
... writes George Bailey

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!
YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days if your waist line is not 3 inches smaller, it won't cost you a cent. "I reduced 8 inches"... writes Geo. Bailey, "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. ... Hundreds of similar letters.

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NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES
SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

You will be completely comfortable as this amazing reducing belt gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect athletic carriage. ... it supports abdominal walls... keeps digestive organs in place and with loss of burdensome fat comes increased pep and greater endurance.

Insurance Companies know the danger of fat accumulations. Doctors warn against obesity. Don't wait... act today!

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Send me FREE, in plain envelope, your illustrated folder describing The Weil Belt and full details of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

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It may bring a different, happier life when you have new straight features that others admire! Faces reconstructed by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Dr. Stotter (Vienna University graduate) quickly corrects Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, Pouches under Eyes, Large Lips, etc. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet - "Facial Reconstruction." Dr. Stotter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 49-A, New York.

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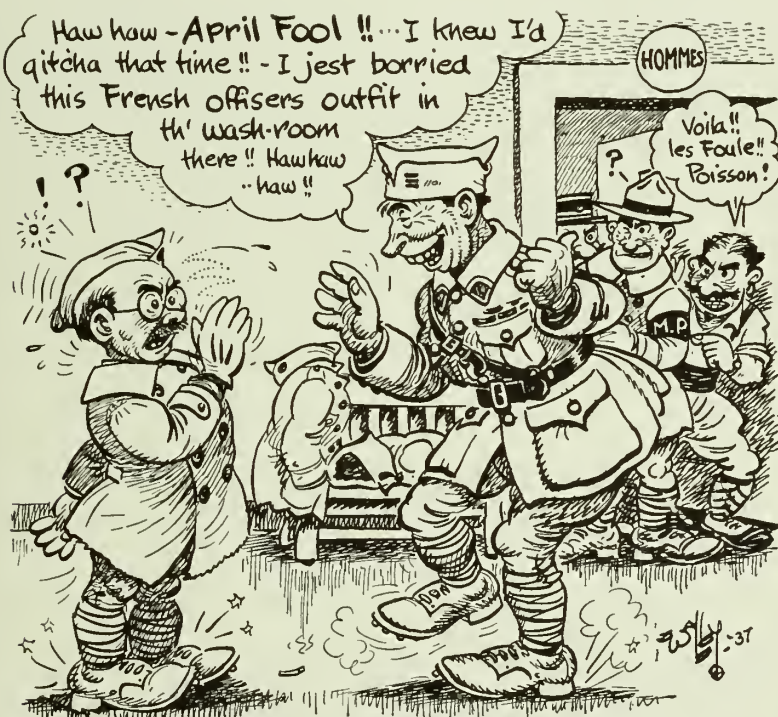
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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.



THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A. E. F. IS "FOOLED" BY AN APRIL FOOL IN PARIS ON APRIL 1ST, 1919 - (IN FRANCE ITS "POISSON DAY," AND YOU'RE CALLED A FISH.)

Here's How To Treat FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know that you will be glad to send us \$1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
870 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

A. L.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Hello Broadway, Good-bye France

(Continued from page 63)

F.—Proposed reunion, officers and men. Arthur C. Dennison, 1343 Princeton av., Philadelphia, Pa.
414TH MOTOR TRUCK CO.—Proposed reunion. Ed S. McGinnis, 215 E. Brown st., Norristown, Pa.
Co. A, 439TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., M. T. C., A. E. F.—First national reunion. H. Frank Jones, reunion chmn., 395 Broadway, New York City.

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual reunion breakfast, Tues., Sept. 21; executive meeting Sunday evening, Sept. 19. Details may be obtained from Maude F. Mann, comdr., 120 Ward st., Paterson, N. J.

BASE HOSP. No. 44—Proposed reunion. Thomas McGann, 296 Allston st., Brookline, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 136—5th annual reunion, New York City, Sept. 22-25. Grover C. Potts, secy., 917 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—Proposed reunion of officers and men. J. Charles Meloy, Room 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

WALTER REED HOSP., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Proposed reunion of veterans in Wards 12, 13, 18 and 53 during 1919. Chris Evensen, Box 121, Templeton, Mass.

SIXTH BATTLE SQDRN, GRAND FLEET—Reunion of vets of U. S. S. *New York*, *Texas*, *Wyoming*, *Arkansas*, *Florida* and *Delaware*. C. Iver Peterson, care of C. O. Miller Co., Stamford, Conn.

S. S. *Coamo*, ARMED GUARD—Proposed reunion. George Shanks, 81 Wilson st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Connecticut*—Proposed reunion and permanent organization. F. N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. *George Washington*—Reunion of vets who served between July, 1917, and Jan., 1919. Andrew Butterworth, 89-88 214th pl., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. *Indiana*—Crew reunion. Clark Gallagher, Monroe, Mich.

U. S. S. *Iowa*—Reunion. Wendell R. Lerch, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. *Niagara*—Proposed reunion. Irving E. Ellis, 26 Robert st., New Britain, Conn.

U. S. S. *Paducah*—Reunion and proposed permanent organization. Harry A. Fairbrother, 327 Wagaraw rd., Hawthorne, N. J.

U. S. S. *Plattsburg*—Reunion of vets of 1917 to 1919. Daniel F. Dugan, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. *Quinnebag* (North Sea Mine-layer)—Proposed reunion, officers and men. Edward J. Stewart, care of *The New York Times*, 229 W. 43d st., New York City.

U. S. S. *San Diego*—Proposed reunion, Marine detachment vets. D. Miller White, Marshalltown, Iowa.

U. S. S. *Seattle*—Proposed reunion. Henry P. Fink, 85 Park st., Easthampton, Mass.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Walter G. Peterson, Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

S. S. *Athenia*—Proposed reunion of survivors of ship torpedoed near Ireland. G. E. Pitney, 48 Davenport av., Greenwich, Conn.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 23—Thomas J. Hutton, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 90—John C. Perry, Acushnet rd., Mattapoisett, Mass.

U. S. SUB-CHASER No. 252, BASE 27, PLYMOUTH, ENG.—Proposed reunion. E. L. Anderson, 92 E. Elm av., Wollaston, Mass.

U. S. SUB. FLOTILLA, 8TH DIV.—Albert W. Lawton, Jr., 179 Green st., Fairhaven, Mass.

U. S. NAV. BASE No. 29, CARDIFF, WALES—Proposed reunion. P. H. (Larry) Tuttle, Box 305, Somerville, N. J.

HOSP. CORPS, U. S. N. TRNG. STA., NEWPORT—Kenneth D. Marks, 1307 W. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. N. R. F., ANNAPOLIS RIFLE RANGE—Ernest Dalman, 121 Crescent st., Allegan, Mich.

U. S. NAV. WORLD WAR VETS.—Dr. Robert O. Levell, New Castle, Ind.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND—Also Hq. Co. men and officers. Al Pearson, Legion Club, Manakato, Minn.

VETS OF A. E. F. SIBERIA—Proposed reunion and banquet, Tues., Sept. 21. Claude P. Deal, 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F.—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Irene M. Brown, chmn., Room 2307, 26 Broadway, New York City.

Notices of reunions and other activities at other times and places follow:

SECOND DIV. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. Hq. at William Penn Hotel. James L. Sykes, chmn., 213 Coltart sq., Pittsburgh. For information regarding special train leaving Chicago, July 14th for Pittsburgh, write to Geo. V. Gordon, 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago, Ill.

SOC. OF 3D DIV., N. Y. BRANCH—For copy of *The Third (Marine) Div. in the World War*, send name, address and outfit to Samuel H. Kornbluth, comdr., 506 W. 213th st., New York City.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Hotel New Yorker, New York City, Labor Day week-end, Sept. 4-6. Walter E. Aebischer, chmn., 1201 University av., New York City. For sample copy of *The Red Diamond*, bi-monthly paper, report to Soc. of 5th Div., Box 136, Elizabeth, N. J.

YANKEE (26TH) DIV. VET. ASSOC.—Annual national convention, Portland, Maine, June 25-27.

Percy R. W. Witham, conv. secy., 9 Free st., Portland.

34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 8-10. Lacey Darnell, Webster City, Iowa.

RAINBOW (42ND) DIV. VETS.—National convention and reunion, Columbus, Ohio, July 12-14. *Rainbow Reveille* mailed free to all vets of division. Write to Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

OHIO CHAP., RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—Annual reunion, Marion, Ohio, June 5-6. Fred Miller, Marion.

78TH DIV. ASSOC.—Mid-season annual reunion, Hotel Paramount, 46th st., west of Broadway, New York City, April 17. Richard Stanton, 1070 Anderson av., Bronx, New York.

20TH U. S. INF. VETS.—10th annual reunion, Fort Francis E. Warren, Cheyenne, Wyo., (present station of regiment) July 12-14. R. N. Matthews, adjt.-Q. M., R. 1, Albion, Ind.

312TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion dinner, Essex House, Newark, N. J., Sat., May 22.

313TH INF.—20th anniversary reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25-26. 313th Inf. Reunion Assoc., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. R. C. Dickieson, 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, N. Y.

17TH F. A.—Bowley's Artillery reunion during 2d Div. reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. Peter C. Nessbaum, secy.-treas., 114-59 211th st., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

76TH F. A., 3D DIV.—20th anniversary reunion, with 3d Div. reunion, Washington, D. C., July 15-18. Wm. A. Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th pl., N. E., Washington.

313TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 2. Dr. Chas. L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

VETS OF 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—8th annual reunion, Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisc., June 18-20. James A. Elliott, 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

24TH ENGRS. BAND—Letter reunion and plans for permanent organization. Frank (Pop) Reeves, New Burlington, Ohio.

VETS. 31ST RV. ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., June 19-21. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 101½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 5. George Remple, secy., 2521 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

109TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Biennial reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 23. L. O. Tisdale, secy.-treas., 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids.

314TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Charles, Mo., Sept. or Oct. Bob Walker, 2720a Ann av., St. Louis, Mo.

415TH R. T. REL. BN.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sat. eve. Apr. 24. J. J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Annual reunion, Warren, Ohio, Sept. 4-6. Albert G. Vetter, 2849 Detroit av., Toledo, Ohio.

314TH AMMUN. TRN.—Annual reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Aug. 8. Send names and addresses to Ray L. Spath, secy., Scribner, Nebr., for new roster.

BASE HOSP. No. 45 VETS. ASSOC.—Send names and addresses for new roster to L. C. Bird, adjt., Richmond, Va.

BASE HOSP. No. 65—Annual reunion, King Cotton Hotel, Greensboro, N. C., Labor Day, Sept. 6. Roy C. Millikan, Box 1208, Greensboro.

305-6-7-8 FIELD HOSP. and 305-6-7-8 AMB. COS.—20th anniversary reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, May 15. I. Bregoff, secy., 521 Fifth av., New York City.

U. S. ARMY AMB. CORPS (USAAC)—20th anniversary of opening of Camp Crane and 18th national convention, Allentown, Pa., June 24-27. Arthur Markley, chmn., 316 N. 7th st., Allentown.

AIR SERV., ESSINGTON, PA. AND LAKE CHARLES, LA.—17th annual reunion, Essington, Pa., in May. S. H. Paul, 520 E. Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 4-7. J. Howard Hill, Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio.

199TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., June or Aug. H. A. Rohrer, Junction City, Kas.

267TH AERO SQDRN.—4th annual reunion, Beardley Hotel, Champaign, Ill., Sun., May 30. Lee Stonebraker, secy., 1106 W. Daniel st., Champaign.

U. S. S. LEVIATHAN VET. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Rutleys, 1440 Broadway, New York City, April 3. All vets of crew notify Lincoln Hedlander, Chateau Lafayette, Greenwich, Conn.

U. S. S. SOUTH DAKOTA ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Portland, Ore., April 3. All shipmates send names and addresses to Dr. W. R. Vetter, Oregonian bldg., Portland.

A. T. O. S. CARGO DIV.—All vets interested in forming organization and in proposed publication of outfit history, report to F. A. Hanley, ex-U. S. S. *Lakeport*, care of Post Office, Albany, N. Y.

VETS OF A. E. F. SIBERIA—Reunion in conjunction with Calif. Legion Dept. convention, Stockton, in August. Claude P. Deal, 2035 N. Highland av., Hollywood, Calif.

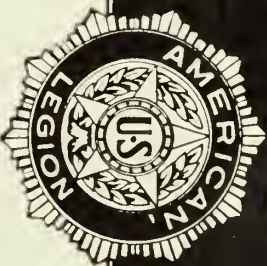
JOHN J. NOLL
The Squadron Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

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HISTORY'S in the making. And the newsreel cameraman is on the job—heedless of danger and discomfort. Behind the camera is *Al Mingalone*. "I count on healthy nerves and good digestion to see me through," he says. "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves. And they give me a feeling of well-being at mealtimes." Yes, with mild, fine-tasting Camels, digestion gets off to a smooth start! The flow of digestive fluids speeds up—alkalinity increases. Camels set you right!

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Miss Arlayne Brown, of St. Louis, can split a card-edge. "Camels ease tension," she says. "My digestion seems to go along more smoothly and I get a lot more enjoyment out of life."

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Camels are made from finer,
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... Turkish and Domestic ...
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